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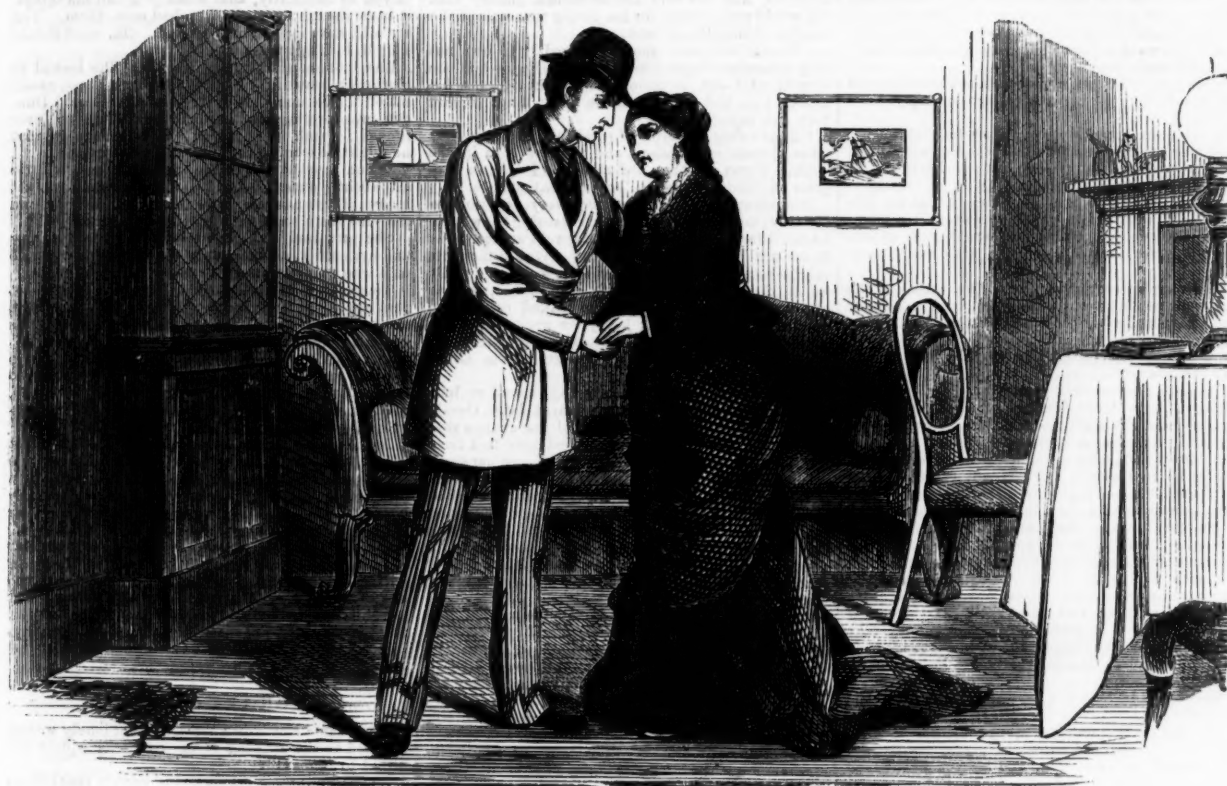
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[“GOOD-BYE.”]

THAT YOUNG PERSON.

By the Author of “Basil Rivington’s Romance,” etc.

CHAPTER I.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the beemouth sips.

It was a cold, dreary evening in that gloomiest of months, November, the rain poured in torrents, the wind blew lustily, the omnibuses and tramways drove a thriving trade, the cabmen improved their opportunity, but the foot passengers were few and far between, the brilliantly lighted shops had not many customers, and the street lamps shone only on the faces of those whom stern necessity urged abroad, for most who could make a choice preferred their homes on such a night. There are few things duller than a London suburb on a wet evening, when the rain falls in a steady downpour, as though nothing would ever arrest its force, when the moon is hid beneath a cloud and not a single star breaks the sombre uniformity of the leaden sky; on such a night, glimpses come to us of the poverty and sorrow of many of our fellows; we meet a different sort of people, or they seem different to us because we notice them at no other time. The needlewoman with her thin worn shawl and threadbare dress, the city clerk, who has already a struggle to support his family, who turns up the collar of his rusty coat and sets out bravely to walk the mile home from the railway station, without a thought to the luxury of an omnibus, the youthful merchant of cigar lights, the ragged crossing sweeper, the small wizened faces to whom want and misery have given the expressions of men and women, who beg for a halfpenny so piteously in their weak shrill voices—it is these, and such as these, to whom the weather makes no

difference; from month to month, from year to year, they pursue their weary way.

There were many of these waifs and strays of humanity in Camden Town on the November night when our story opens, but we have to do with none of them; our business is with a young man who, as the last stroke of seven sounded, issued briskly from the railway station, gave one glance at the sloshy pavement and drizzling rain, and then set off at a rapid pace in the direction of Great College Street, too much absorbed in his own thoughts to heed the drenching downpour, or the howling of the wind which at each instant threatened to deprive him of the slender protection afforded by his umbrella.

He was tall and well made, people called him handsome, his eyes were of a light hazel, large and clear, shaded by thick arched eyebrows, his forehead, which he had a strange habit of puckering when in thought, was broad and low, his hair was brown, and his teeth, which he was fond of showing, were very white and regular. His mouth spoilt him, it was never at rest, but seemed called upon to show all this expression which his other features lacked, and the expression was not agreeable; it was too rigidly determined, too obstinately persistent, there was something almost cruel in it to the close observer, as though to attain a desired end. This man, whose face otherwise was so attractive, would have sacrificed anything.

His name was Gerald Duncan; his father had been dead for years, and the only legacy he could bequeath to his only son was gentle blood and an unsullied name.

The young man must make his own way in life, and people began to say he had succeeded well, when at twenty-six he found himself in one of the oldest mercantile houses of London, with every prospect of advancement.

He had struggled bravely to gain this much, and perhaps in the struggle his feelings had been blunted, perhaps he had grown a little harder, a little more cunning than a mother would have liked to see him,

but he had not a relation in the world, and his friends admired the independence that had never asked them for a penny, and could only say with inapprobation:

“What an admirable young man!”

In one of the houses of Great College Street, which was let out in apartments, in what was styled by the enterprising landlady the front parlour, on a stiff, upright horsehair sofa, that looked as though it had been made for any purpose on earth except to recline upon, sat a young girl, in deep mourning.

An empty cup and saucer and a plate of toast were before her, but she did not seem to see them. Her whole being was in a state of eager anticipation. She listened eagerly as though for some expected footstep, but no sound reached her from without save the dreary patter of the rain, and at last she rose wearily, and rang the bell.

It was answered, not by the slovenly maid of all work—but by the landlady herself—a respectable-looking woman of about fifty, an excellent hand at driving a bargain and piling up extras, with no mercy on her servant or creditors, endowed too with such a high sense of her own importance as to deem it beneath her dignity in general to wait on any but drawing-room lodgers, but the solitary occupant of the shabby parlour had been her nursing, and although Mrs. Crapp’s heart was usually believed in Great College Street to be of the same consistency as her horsehair sofa, there was a soft corner in it somewhere for Janet Clive.

“Will you take away the tea, please, Susan?” asked Miss Clive, using the name by which she had been wont to address her old retainer, before the latter had captivated the heart of the deceased Thomas Crapp, milkman and dairyman.

“And if that’s how you’re going to starve yourself, Miss Nettie, I’m a thinking there won’t be much left of you to go into them outlandish parts. Why you haven’t as much as touched the toast.”

“I tried, but I couldn’t eat it; I’m not hungry.”

"That's just what you always say, Miss Janet, which aint no reason at all. You look as though you were going to be took right ill. The very best thing you could do would be to go to bed when you've got all them miles and miles to travel to-morrow."

"Is it late?"

"Just gone seven," was the terse reply.

Then struck by the chill, disappointed expression of the girl's face, Mr. Crapp's widow added, in a softer tone:

"You always did like your own way, Miss Janet, and I suppose you always will, so I'll just make up the fire and put this shawl over your shoulders, and then if you want to sit up till midnight, why it isn't me that'll say a word against it."

Miss Clive just touched the rough but kindly hands that were so busy for her comfort, and murmured:

"Thank you."

Then she saw something very like a tear fall on her black dress, and soon afterwards she was alone, and free once more to resume her anxious listening for the footfall that did not come.

It was strange to see her alone in that humble room, for if, despite her youth, she were an orphan, one would have thought her face would have gained her friends, for she was strangely, wondrously beautiful.

Her features were not regular. She bore not the slightest resemblance to a Madonna, and no painter would have made her the model of a St. Ursula, or, indeed, of any other saint.

Her beauty was essentially earthly, but it was none the less fascinating.

The large glorious dark eyes, fringed by long black lashes, the broad open forehead, framed by masses of swart hair, above all the vivid colouring that lit up her fair delicate skin, seemed formed to excite love, admiration, envy even, but not indifference.

Janet Clive was only eighteen, not a fortnight before that November night her father had been borne to his quiet grave—a scholar and a gentleman, who had an open heart and kept an open house, but who died ruined, leaving his daughter penniless.

Summer friends fought shy, the careless murmured that such things happened every day, it was not their concern; the more feeling left cards of inquiry for poor Miss Clive, and eased their consciences by observing that of course her relations would take care of her, or they heard she was engaged, then what more natural than for the young man's family to offer her a home.

Janet heard none of this. It would not have moved her if she had.

She seemed completely stunned by her father's sudden death. Of an intensely passionate nature, unrestrained by education, and as yet unsubdued by time, she lived in her affections; and the one desire of her heart was for love. This was the strongest feeling of her soul, it amounted to a yearning agony. Her faults, and they were many, sprang chiefly from this source.

If, as you read her history, your judgment condemns her, I only ask you in her defence to remember that she was motherless, and only just eighteen.

When, after her father's funeral, the news had been broken to her that she was poor, that, instead of possessing a happy, careful home, she was utterly unprovided for, she had listened as one in a dream. Her grief for him who had gone seemed to have driven all other thoughts from her mind.

The old lawyer, who had known her all her life, spoke a few friendly sentences of compassion; the doctor, who had led her from the chamber of death, sighed to see her look so sad and hopeless in her black dress.

But these two were at funerals often. Every day brought them into contact with people who had lost their nearest and dearest, so they shook hands cheerfully as they left the house of mourning, and observed to each other that it was "really a pity." Miss Clive was a fine girl, but she would be married soon, and till then her relations would take care of her; and so the one returned to his office and the other to his consulting-room, and by both Janet Clive was soon forgotten.

It was to her lover and relations that people said she must look, and it was the former who had brought her to the lodgings in Great College Street, thinking she would be happier with the old nurse than among strangers, until an answer could arrive to his letter to the three second cousins, who, distant as they were, seemed yet to be the forlorn, orphan's nearest kith and kin.

This answer was very short, very formal, and very little encouraging. It was written with the hardest of pens on the stiffest of paper, and signified that Miss Dent and her sisters, Miss Jemima and Miss Gertie, had heard with surprise of the demise of their second cousin, Ralph Clive, that they were far from rich, but, nevertheless, if no more appropriate arrangement could be formed for their young rela-

tive, they should deem it their duty to accord her a share of their respectable, quiet, and, they hoped they might add, pious home.

That was all. No word of pity for her grief, no word of welcome or kindly greeting.

Proud, impulsive Janet would rather have broken stones on the road than accepted the pious offer. She had a vague idea that people who did things from duty were disagreeable, that those who vaunted their piety possessed very little of the milk of human kindness, and she told her betrothed plainly that she would sooner work for her living than accept the charity of the Misses Dent.

"It will kill me," she murmured, "to owe not only luxuries—those I would do without—but the very bread I eat, to people I never heard of till a month ago, and if they are so pious I am certain they will never like me."

"That's only a manner of speaking. It means they go to church on Sundays, and perhaps once in the week. If you do that and read the Pilgrim's Progress on Sunday they will be quite satisfied."

His views on the subject were very different to Nettie's; he had all a man's horror of seeing the woman he cared for engaged in a fight for subsistence. He knew the world, and saw what awful difficulties might beset one so young and fair, to whom, while he filled up an authorized relationship to her, he was almost worse than useless. He talked reason and prudence without avail; lastly he appealed to her love for himself, at this Janet yielded, and the morrow was fixed for her departure from Great College Street.

Suddenly, as she sat listening, the sound so long expected fell upon her ear, a moment later Gerald Duncan entered. It was wonderful the change that moment wrought in Janet, the tired look fled from her face, her large eyes shone brightly, and her smile was radiant, her troubles, her father's loss, and even her approaching departure were forgotten, for she loved Gerald with an almost idolatrous worship, and his very presence gave her joy. He did not return her greeting coldly, he took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, more than once before he sat down beside her on the sofa, and asked her anxiously how she was.

"Quite well, but oh, Gerald, I have wanted you so. I thought you would never come."

"And you are really going to-morrow, Nettie?"

"Yes; I do dread it so. Gerald, do you think they will like me? Oh, what shall I do if they are not kind to me?"

"They are sure to be," he answered, soothingly. "They will be very fond of you, Nettie, and yet you amazingly. You'll see they will be ready to strangle me when I come to claim you."

His light tone of assumed raillery jarred painfully on the girl. She burst into tears. Her head drooped wearily on his shoulder, and she said, brokenly:

"I can't believe dear papa is really dead, and that I am to go away from you, and live with people I have never seen. Oh, Gerald, isn't it some dreadful dream?"

He did not answer, he only stroked the soft hair caressingly, and drew her closer to himself. He felt, as he looked at her beautiful face, that he would have given anything in the world if only they two need not part. His love for her was the best and purest sentiment of his nature, but he gave her but a divided heart. Ambition shared it with her, and strove hard for the largest place.

They had been engaged two months when Gerald asked Mr. Clive for his daughter.

Nettie had been considered a moderate heiress. The wedding had been fixed for the spring. Now that Mr. Clive was dead, and his child penniless, it was postponed.

"Gerald's income was not sufficient," he said, "they must wait another year."

Selfish and determined, esteeming money and position as the chief of earthly blessings, it was strange that such a man should have won Nettie's love.

"You must not grieve like this, my darling," he said at length, "you will make yourself ill; you will, indeed. You must take care of yourself, Nettie, for my sake!"

She roused herself at that, and brushed the tears hastily from her dark eyes, then she asked, eagerly:

"When shall I see you again, Gerald?"

"I don't know, dear; soon, I hope. In a year's time we will be together always, Nettie, we will have a home of our own, you and I."

"You won't forget me, Gerald?"

"I shall never forget you while I live, Nettie; in all my future hopes, all my struggles, I shall think of you always!"

And he thought he meant it.

"I am glad you love me so," she whispered, stealing her hand into his, "we have been very happy together, Gerald."

"And shall be again, Nettie."

"I hope so, oh, I hope so!" Gerald, if ever any-

thing should part us, I should believe in nothing—I should lose faith in life itself!"

"Nothing but death shall part us, Nettie. Oh, my beautiful darling, don't you see, won't you believe how entirely I love you. Why won't you trust me as I do you?"

"Ah, how little you know."

"How little I know what, dear?"

"How I trust you, Gerald! I don't think I should care for heaven itself without you. I believe in you so implicitly, that when you tell me things, it is as though my own eyes had seen them. You are all I have in the world, Gerald. Oh, what should I do if I didn't trust you?"

She spoke so simply, so earnestly. She looked so gloriously beautiful in her plain black dress, as she sat on the common horsehair sofa, that Gerald Duncan was profoundly touched, and if he had ever prayed I think his petition would have been that he might be worthy the love of such a woman.

"You must write to me, my own, and tell me all about yourself. And Nettie, if you are not happy, if you are in any trouble, don't hide it from me—let there be no secrets between me and you."

She promised, and then they sat on, talking low and excitedly, as those very dear to each other do talk when they know that they will soon be parted.

Throughout his life Gerald Duncan never forgot that scene, the little room with its shabby furniture, the bright fire that shone so clearly on the fair girl's face. It was late when he rose to go; their last words must be spoken—the words that are too hard to say and so cruel to hear, whose sting no mention of a reunion can efface. The sweetest, saddest, dearest, cruellest sound in the English language is—good-bye.

Nettie clung to her lover as one clings to the last of our joys, which too is fast slipping from us. He comforted her by many a fond endearment, many a promise of writing, and many an allusion to their happy future. She listened breathlessly, then their lips met for the last time, he said "Good-bye," she murmured "Heaven bless you," and with that blessing ringing in his ears he went out into the darkness of the stormy night, while the woman who had spoken it leaned back on the sofa, as though that parting had been too hard for her, and she had neither strength nor desire to think of the days and weeks and months that lay beyond it.

CHAPTER II.

THAT same November night, another lonely woman listened to the driving rain. She was widely different to Janet Clive.

She had not the glorious gift of beauty that softens so many troubles.

The wear and tear of many years had left their traces on her face.

She had neither wealth, rank, nor talents; she was only a true, warm-hearted woman, who such as her life was, tried to make the best of it, but in one respect, she might claim kindred with our heroine. She was in bitter sorrow.

Mrs. Brett wasn't born to be a heroine. She had no grand relatives, or romantic story. She was the daughter of a farmer, and at twenty-two she married another.

Her youth and middle life had been passed in a little country village.

A quiet, dreary existence, perhaps, but it pleased her, and never a thought came to her of quitting Daleville when she found herself a widow with one child, "Liza, her youngest born, and the only one of her three daughters who had lived to comfort her."

"Liza was very pretty. She had large laughing blue eyes, long golden hair, a fair delicate skin, dimpled cheeks, and winning ways."

She was the darling of her mother's heart, the favourite of the village, and the sunshine of the little cottage into which Mrs. Brett had removed after her husband's death.

The widow would have sacrificed anything on earth for her child. Her one wish was to see "Liza happy."

And as she grew up, this village girl, she knew well that she was pretty, with her silky hair and shining eyes.

She knew that in all Daleville there was no face to compare with hers.

The village youths liked to dance with her at the rustic wake, or to walk home with her from church on Sunday.

More than one would have liked a more lasting companionship, and told her so, but her answer was always the same—"No."

It was not that she was heartless. Far from it, she had one of those sensitive natures—in whom every feeling is deepened and intensified. When she loved it would be truly, devotedly, entirely; but that time had not yet come.

Her own heart slept on, and it was not her fault if she was those of others.

She was restless too; she had not her mother's placid calm.

She hated her narrow sphere, despised the spot where she had spent many happy days.

'Liza pined for a change, an insight into the larger world, a knowledge of fresh scenes and faces. She stood on the brink of the stream where girlhood and womanhood meet.

She longed for some excitement, some diversion, anything, no matter what, to change the dull routine of every day life.

She hid these feelings within her heart. Fondly as she loved her mother, she knew instinctively she would receive no sympathy from her on such a subject.

That good, kindly mother would be unable to understand the turmoil of weariness and desire, that raged in the breast of her only child.

One summertime there came a change to 'Liza, perhaps the greatest change that could happen to the dreamy, romantic girl. She loved and was beloved. Love, that master passion, that great ruler of destinies, who comes to most of us once in life, to decide our future fate, to give us a new, strange joy, or to blight us with disappointment, came to her; the sleeping heart awoke, the old discontent, the yearning aspirations, the secret longings, vanished.

'Liza forgot her day dreams, she forgot also the past and the future; she lived in the present, and she was happy.

He who had wrought this change was no familiar friend, no inhabitant of Daleville; he was indeed an entire stranger to the neighbourhood: passing through the village he had been so attracted by the charms of a trout stream as to put up for a week at the sole inn of the narrow High Street.

In that week he met 'Liza Brett, and tired of fashionable life, and London beauties, the pretty, girlish face had interested him, and so he stayed on and on, till many wondered why he lingered. But no one guessed the cause. No one knew why 'Liza Brett went about looking so happy. No one knew what had given a fresh joy to her life.

Arthur Henry, to call him by the only name by which he was known in Daleville, was not a cruelly disposed, or bad man, he was simply spoilt by the dexterity that since his debut in society, Belgravia had lavished on himself, and his expectations. At twenty-eight he was tired of his very existence, cynical to a degree, making hosts of acquaintances, as many enemies, but hardly a single friend, despite his youth, great talents and prospects, as the future representative of a fine old country family.

He was envious of everything, and more than once the question had occurred to him whether after all life was worth the living for.

To this weary, world-tossed man, there was something indescribably engaging in the fresh naivety of 'Liza Brett, her artless questions and winning ways. Her every movement was full of untaught grace. There were no provincialisms to be corrected, and so after a month of stolen meetings beneath an August sun, Mr. Henry had won the heart of the country girl, and had almost decided to make her his wife.

His was a strange nature. He was impulsive and enthusiastic, but very irascible and changeable, and intensely proud.

Should he marry Mrs. Brett's daughter, it would be on the condition that she should forsake all her connections for ever.

There was little doubt he would love her well and truly for a time, until he saw a fairer face, or tired of his self courted seclusion, and longed for the world of fashion he had so voluntarily forsaken. And for this uncertain, unstable affection, 'Liza was to give herself, her young, fresh heart, her deep, passionate love.

For this she was to abandon her widowed mother, and never look again on her childhood's friends.

There came an evening in September, when the summer flowers had faded, and the nights were growing cold, that 'Liza sat at home in the little sitting-room alone with her mother.

Her eyes shone with a feverish brightness, and her cheeks were flushed.

She paced backwards and forwards the whole length of the little room, as though it were impossible for her to sit down, as some restless spirit that may not seek repose.

"What's the matter, child? Why don't you sit down instead of pacing up and down in that mad fashion?" said the mother, looking up from her work.

Her daughter stopped her walk, but she did not take her accustomed place.

She came over to where her mother sat, and kissed her as she said, with an effort:

"What are you thinking of, mother?" for Mrs. Brett was unusually silent that evening.

"Mrs. Johnson was here yesterday," said Mrs. Brett, quietly.

'Liza didn't answer her.

She had seated herself at her mother's feet, and now she had turned her face and hidden it in her mother's gown—that was all.

"She says James has been taken as tenant for the new farm. He thinks as he'll be in by Martinmas," pursued Mrs. Brett, cheerfully.

"I'm glad of it. James has wanted that farm so long. He'll be sure to get on."

"Liza," said her mother, half-reproachfully, half-doubtfully, for she never hid from herself that she could not understand her only child, "you know as well as I do what James 'ld think a sight more on than the farm. You've growed up boy and girl together. You couldn't find a finer, staidier young man for miles. Why don't you like him?"

"I do like him," said the girl, quietly, "but not in the way he wants. I should be miserable as his wife; we've not a single thought in common. Don't talk of my marrying him, mother."

"I'm in no hurry," Liza; you can't hide where you are too long for me."

'Liza's voice faltered just a little.

"You're the best and dearest mother in the world. I don't deserve you one bit. Oh, I wish you'd hate me! Why didn't you say a cross word to me, just once, mother, that I mightn't think myself so ungrateful?"

"My pretty!" said the widow, fondly wiping away the tears that Liza could not hide. "You mustn't go to say such things. I'd have liked it finely if you could have fancied him, but I never want you to take a man as you don't care for. I'd have followed your father to California if he'd asked me, and till you feel the same, I hope you'll bide as you are."

"I'm very glad you're not angry with me, mother!"

"Angry, child, when your father's gone, and the grass grows thick on your sister's graves, and you're all I've got left, my baby. What should I be angry for, Liza? You can't be well, child, or you wouldn't go talking such crotchets into your head?"

"I don't think I am well; my head burns terribly, and my hands too, and I'm so very tired!"

Mrs. Brett, thoroughly alarmed, began to talk of bed and various homely remedies.

She even threatened a visit from the doctor.

'Liza was a spoilt child. She sat on at her mother's feet, saying she must stay a little longer, one more half-hour.

"Wouldn't you like to be rich, mother?"

"I can't say as I ever thought much about it, Liza. We've enough and to spare. Maybe we wouldn't be any happier if we was great folks. I'm sure if I had half the silver as there is at the big house, I'd never sleep a wink; I should always be afraid of thieves."

"Mother," said 'Liza, tremulously, when at last she rose and lighted her candle, "Mother, I want you to promise me something?"

"What is it, my pretty?"

"If I should be ill—I'm not going to be, you know—but if I should—if I should come to leave you like my little sister—I want you to think of me always, as if I'd died little, like them. I haven't been a good girl, mother, I've been proud and wilful since father died. Forget all that time, mother, and think of me as though I'd gone when I was quite a little child!"

Mrs. Brett promised with kisses, and loving words. The girl's strange manner frightened her, and she went to bed determined to send for the doctor the first thing in the morning.

Too late! When, in the early twilight, she went in to see how her darling was, she found her not. 'Liza was gone, not, as her little sisters, to sleep beneath the grass and daisies till the resurrection of the last day, not safe from all sin and sorrow, from every harsh word or cruel act, but lost to her mother through all time, yet alive to suffer, to regret, might be, her flight, alive to grow into a tired, disappointed woman, to lose perhaps the love of him for whom she had sacrificed all.

Mrs. Brett could not realise her trouble. She knelt down by the narrow bed where 'Liza had so often slept to read her parting letter.

She spread the sheet of paper with her trembling hand upon the white counterpane, and then she brushed away the tears that she might see the few wild words her child had traced before she left her home for always.

"Mother"—and the word mother was blotted by a tear—"I am very cruel and wicked, for I am going to leave you. Mr. Henry loves me, and we are to be married to-morrow at Ripleigh, and then we shall go to London."

"I love him, mother—I love him so that I can't live without him. He loves me, mother; he is good and true—he will be better to me than I deserve. Mother, I'll never see you again, and though I shall

be always with him, though I am to be his wife, I can't be quite, quite happy. Oh, forgive me, mother, just for the sake of the old days when father was alive and I was a little child. I longed to tell you, mother, but I couldn't."

"Don't forget me, mother, but remember your promise, and think of me as though I'd died long, long ago, and by-and-bye you won't miss me so. Oh, mother, if you'd write a word on a scrap of paper and send it me, just to say you don't hate me quite!"

The letter broke off there, and, despite her prayers for pardon, 'Liza had added no address, but the mother in her agony did not notice this. She knew the worst—knew that her only hope, her ewe lamb, was gone, and she buried her head in the clothes and sobbed, not noisily, not clamorously, but quietly, bitterly, from her heart.

She was still kneeling there when the autumn sun streamed in, mocking her grief by the brightness of its rays.

She started up. Had the busy day begun? was life going on just the same and 'Liza no longer there.

Almost mechanically she put on her bonnet and stole silently out, choosing the side streets, that she might not run the chance of meeting her neighbours, for she felt her face would tell her grief, if it were already known, and she could not bear their curious questions and well-meant pity, at least not yet.

Soon she found herself at the "Swan." There was little sign of life in that thriving establishment—it was too early.

"Is the gentleman gone?" she asked, eagerly, of a sleepy pot-boy.

"What gentleman?" rejoined that individual, civilly. "If you mean Mr. Henry, yes. He went last night to Ripleigh by the mail train."

She had but little doubt; still she would fain exchange that doubt for certainty.

Ripleigh was distant some twenty miles; a dingy manufacturing town; but the mother did not falter.

That afternoon she issued from the bustling railway station, and as she trod the crowded streets, she wondered what to do next.

At last she saw a child, a little beggar girl, with bare feet and dirty hands, but whose blue eyes were like 'Liza's.

The widow slipped a penny into her hand and asked her where the church was.

"There be seven, mum. Which did you please to want?"

"Which is the nearest to the station?"

"It be St. Steven's. Up that street there," answered the child. "But there isn't anything to see."

There was in truth, little picturesque or attractive in the dingy, square mass of stone, dedicated to the first martyrs.

The church had doubtless been built during the ascendancy of the Puritans, for its high, high pews, whitewashed walls, and unpainted windows, savoured of the peculiar tastes of that party.

The door stood open, for a grand sweeping and dusting was going on within.

There was a mournful gloom about the large, deserted edifice.

The walls were discoloured with damp, there was a mouldy, earthy smell.

Mrs. Brett's heart failed her as she entered. An old woman in a funeral-looking bonnet came forward from some unseen retreat, and brandishing her broom defiantly, stared at the intruder.

"There bain't no service," she said, tartly. "We don't have no Popish doings here."

To appeal to her pity or her feeling would have been useless.

No sentiment but self-interest had play in the wearer of that poke bonnet.

Mrs. Brett slipped something into her hand, and said:

"I just wanted to ask you something, ma'am."

The "ma'am" from a woman infinitely better dressed than herself flattered the crone.

She slipped the silver into her pocket, and said, oilyly:

"I'm sure, mum, as I'd be very 'appy, p'raps you'd take a chair, mum, you look tired."

But the other remained standing, only she clutched at the door or one of the pews for support—she who was so firm and strong—who had never needed a prop before.

"Did you have a wedding here to-day?"

The factotum of St. Steven's leant on her broom, and answered, cheerfully:

"Why, yes, we did; we 'ad two, which is a piece of luck as don't often come. People doesn't care about being married or christened in these parts, one 'ld think, from the few as come here about it."

"And the names?"

"I don't remember nothing about the names. The first couple was oldish like, as though they'd taken

a mortal time to make up their minds, and the gent was real shabby. Why, he only gave me a shilling, when I 'ad my 'nkerchief to my eyes the whole time, and got the water all ready in case his lady should faint!"

"But the others? You said there was two."

"Oh, that was something different. Very quiet though; only jest them two, and not a single creature else. He was a real gentleman as tipped me five shilling right down. He was tallish like, and good looking. A runaway match, I take it. She was a crying and going on so. A pretty little thing too!"

"And you can't remember the name?"

"I doesn't like to commit myself. Maybe 'twas 'Elizabeth, he called her Lizzie, or something like it."

"Thank you," and Mrs. Brett tottered down the stile out into the September sunshine.

So 'Liza Brett took her fate into her own hands. The news spread in Daleville.

People talked of nothing else. Some envied, many blamed her.

One and all pitied her mother. The village had not ceased to chatter about the flight of their favourite, when they heard that the Widow Brett had withdrawn her snug savings from the county bank.

The pretty cottage and its furniture were to be sold, and she herself, who had been born in Daleville, was about to leave it.

Everyone wished her well, and many looked in to tell her so, and came away graver than they had entered.

It was so sad to see that cheery face without its smile, with a wistful look at the corners of its mouth.

No one expressed wonder at her departure, no one asked why she went, or if she would return. Those simple village folk respected her grief too much to be curious.

Among the rest came Mrs. Johnson and her son. They did not mention 'Liza, as something told them that there are wounds which will not bear touching, even by friendly hands.

James looked a little older, a little more thoughtful, but he said never a word of her who had wrought the change, it was Mrs. Brett herself who mentioned her darling.

"I'm going to London," she said, with a pitiful attempt at cheerfulness. "I feel as though I couldn't rest here; I must be in the big town where my darling is—couldn't bear it else!"

"Has she written?" asked James, impulsively.

"Never a word; but it's best so, my pretty's a lady now, and 'd blush, maybe, for her poor old mother. I'll never come between her and him. She's chosen, maybe she'll learn the new ways easy. She's young, and if he loves her, he'll learn her the way. But them unequal marriages isn't always happy, he may tire on her. There may come a day when my gal 'll be glad to lay her poor tired head on her mother's shoulder, and so I'm going there to be ready."

Mrs. Johnson didn't answer. She had come over blaming 'Liza, almost hating her, but now she felt a great lump in her throat, and she could not speak.

James put out his hand—that great, rough hand, that was bronzed by honest toil—and, as he wrung the widow's, he said:

"You're right."

"I'll see her somehow," said Mrs. Brett, hopefully. "Not to fret her, you know, but without her guessing it. They tell me he's rich, and he'll be sure to take her about, to the play may be, and in the parks, and all them great places, and I'll be watching, you know, and I'll get many a look at her without her seeing me."

And so, strong in her mother-love, longing to see, if unseen, the child who had deserted her, the simple woman, whose whole life had been spent among green fields and country lanes, came and took a humble lodging in the outskirts of the great, bustling capital—a very humble lodging.

She might have afforded better, but she never thought of spending money on herself. She saved it all for 'Liza, and it mattered little to her.

No place would ever seem like home to her again, besides, she was not much within. Her time was devoted to one object. She haunted the parks, she frequented Regent Street and Piccadilly, night after night she hung about the doors of the theatres, hoping to recognise among the gaily dressed daughters of fashion her only child. All in vain.

Time passed on—the season changed.

When she had been in London three years, and dreary November came round for the fourth time, her end was still unattained.

The weather made little difference in her search. She had grown almost inured to its changes. She became so used to her wanderings that she felt strange indoors, and so, on the same November night that Janet Olive awaited her lover, Mrs. Brett

watched at the doors of the Prince of Wales Theatre, gazing at every fresh comer as they alighted from their carriage (and many carriages stop at the little house in Tottenham Street) with an interest and anxiety to the full as keen as on the first day that she trod the London pavements.

The clock struck eight, and she turned away with a weary sigh up the labyrinth of small streets that led to her lodgings. She had no cause to hurry. What charm was there to allure her to her humble room? So she stood and looked at the shops as she passed them, with a strange, far-away gaze, as though she saw none of the objects before her eyes.

She had turned to continue her weary way when a young woman brushed hastily past her—a woman with fair hair like 'Liza's, but oh! how different to 'Liza was the alight, worn figure, the depressed step.

Mrs. Brett looked pityingly at her. She never saw any one with golden hair without thinking of her child; she never saw a girl alone without wondering whether a mother's heart somewhere or other on this earth of ours was aching as her's ached for 'Liza.

She followed the lonely figure some few yards, then, as it turned abruptly up a narrow bye-street, she saw the face for the first time, and the sight gave her a sharp pain. She knew then that her search was ended, for it was her child!

(To be Continued.)

FARMER GILES'S TREASURE.

Giles was a farmer, old and poor,
And a thrifless fellow, you may be sure,
For instead of ploughing and sowing seed
His fields went fallow or choked with weed,
While hither and thither, in rubbish old,
He went poking about for a pot of gold;
For pots of gold, he had read, were found
In the queerest places under ground.

Poorer and poorer, and still so gold;
Acre by acre the farm was sold,
Till all but the orchard had passed away.
Then, on a blithe September day,
Giles arose from his good wife's side,
And, "I've found the treasure at last!" he cried;

"I saw it as plain as I now see thee—
Three feet down, by an apple-tree!"

Out to the orchard in haste they go—
Four score trees, a score in a row,
Rugged of trunk and gnarled of bough,
Bearing scarce over a blossom now.
Giles in his dream had marked it well,
But under which tree he could not tell;
So hour by hour and day by day,
With a steadfast toil, he delved away.

Round each old trunk, on every side,
A trench he opened, deep and wide,
And heaped the mould in a circling mound;
But never a speck of gold he found;
And sick, and sorry, and sore was he,
When he'd bared the roots of the last old tree,
And his good wife wept, and his neighbours told,
With jibes, of poor Giles's pot of gold.

So, 'neath the winter frosts and snows
The bared roots lay in the orchard rows,
Till the good wife cried 'twas a cruel sin,
And Giles took his mattock and filled them in.

But lo! when the birds began to sing,
And Nature woke with the joy of spring,
The orchard of Giles was a sight to see;
A white veil of blossoms hid every tree!

Never a farmer, far or near,
Had such an apple-crop that year
As Giles from his ancient orchard made
By the simple sleight of his pick and spade,
For, all unwitting, his toil had found
The treasure he sought for under ground!
And the purest treasure found in the soil
Is the grateful meed of an honest toil!

D. C. D. G.

THE dates of the musical festivals this autumn are: for Birmingham, on the 29th, 30th, 31st of August, and the first of September; for Hereford (the three choirs), the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th of September; and for Bristol, the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th of October. Amateurs who propose to be present at the National Festival of Germany (Büh-

nenfestspielhaus zu Bayreuth) should take note that the Rheingold will be first given on Sunday, the 18th of August; Walkure on the 14th, Siegfried on the 15th, and Götterdämmerung on the 16th; the Prologue and the three operas will be repeated in the order just specified, on the 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd of August; and the third and final series of the Trilogy will be on the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of the same month. The performance of each work will begin at four o'clock in the afternoon, the second act at 6 P.M., and the third act at 8 P.M., one hour being allowed between each act to enable the hearers to recruit their energies at the Restauration, which is attached to the theatre.

INDIANS AND PROFANITY.

I BELIEVE no Indian, until he has come within the sphere of our boasted civilisation, knows how to curse and swear.

In all the records of the fathers in their intercourse with the red man, as he was found two centuries ago, we have no account of anything like a profane or vulgar oath from the lips of the untutored savage.

A gentleman, who had for many years made close study of Indian language and manners, assured me that in his own tongue the Indian knew not how to swear.

The dusky child of the forest was never yet found who, under the circumstances, could be induced to speak the name of the Great Spirit lightly.

The most reproachful and bitter thing which one Indian could say to, or of another, was match annemoosh, which means simply "bad dog." Of course, they have terms to indicate a cheat, liar, thief, drunkard, murderer, coward, and so on; but they call no man an idiot.

The Indian language can be wrought into poetry, and into eloquent, impassioned periods, but, in its purity, it offers no possible terms for purposes of profanity. S. C.

MULTIPLYING PLANTS.

THE simple method of propagation by layering is usually adopted for all low-growing or slender plants, those which cannot readily be multiplied either by division, cuttings, or seed. The operation is one of the simplest:

A branch or stem of the plant is bent down, and pegged or otherwise fastened below the surface of the soil, while its growing extremity remains above the ground.

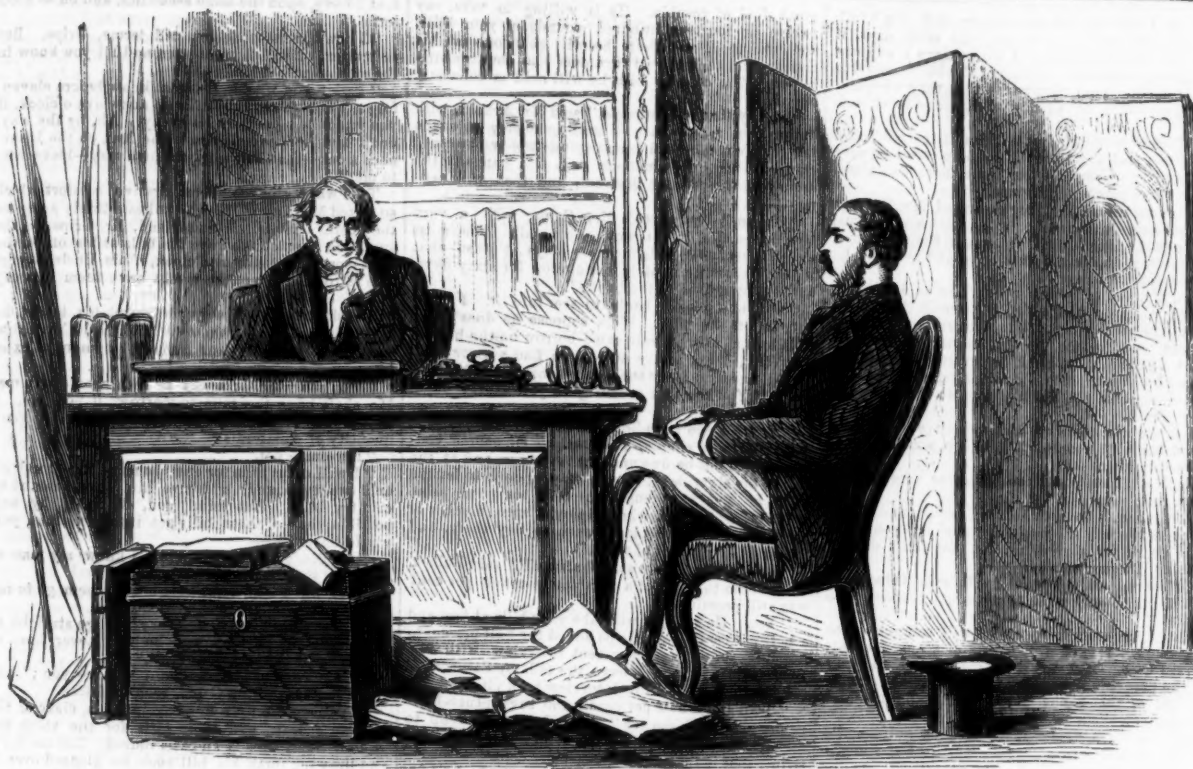
The carnation is easily propagated in this way. Select the outward, strongest, and lowest shoots for the purpose. Trim off a few of the under leaves, and shorten the top ones even, with a knife; then cut a slit in a slanting direction on the under side of the shoot.

This slit should be about an inch long, in an upward direction towards the next joint. Loosen the earth and make a small oblong hole one or two inches deep. Lay that part of the stem where the slit is made in the earth, keeping the cut open and placing the head of the layer upright and one or two inches out of the earth. Hold the layer in position by pegging it down with a little forked twig. Now cover to the depth of one inch, pressing the earth over it gently. Water immediately, and in dry weather give light watering every evening.

This is best done in a cloudy day. In about two months the layer will be well rooted. Carnations and all kinds of pinks should be layered in July or August.

A LONDON philosopher going his first rounds in Paris, writes:—Queer things I have seen in Paris, but a queerer sight than that which I witnessed on the Rue de la Paix, it has rarely, if ever, been my lot to behold. In taking my morning walk, I met a large white poodle, shaved and clipped lion fashion (that is, I suppose, a Parisian idea of a lion) who wore a round, black velvet cap, coquettishly placed on one side of his curly head. In his mouth he carried a basket, to the handle of which a small cerise silk parasol had been adroitly attached in such a manner that in carrying the basket the dog held the parasol over his head, and so shaded himself from the rays of the sun. It is impossible to describe my astonishment; I won't try.

DURING a very severe thunderstorm which recently broke over Doncaster, the figure of Justice, at the top of the Market Hall, was struck by lightning, and the shattered pieces fell into the Market Place, fortunately without injury to any one, although the Market Place was full.



[RAISING THE WIND.]

TRUE WORTH.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE day just passed had been one of terrible and unwonted excitement to Robert Arnold.

He had been on the very verge of ruin, and had escaped by the merest chance.

But he had escaped for the present, and a feeling of thankfulness was mingled with one of sadness as he thought of the dark future which was before him, for, turn which way he would, ruin stared him in the face.

He might ward it off for a few months—nay, he must keep it off for a time, at any and every cost, but that it must come, he knew and felt as certainly as he knew that he was living and breathing then. He knew what he ought to do, but he dared not. He had not the moral courage to anticipate the blow which must fall and thus break half its force.

But this is anticipating.

Robert reached his home weary and exhausted in body and mind, and longing for rest.

Not that he wanted to think, for he could quote with deep feeling those expressive lines,

"Why must I think when no thought
Brings me comfort?"

As he ascended the steps of his house, the sound of music and laughter grated harshly on his ears—for he was in no mood for enjoyment of any kind—and he stole quietly in, intending to proceed unobserved directly to his library, which was on the second floor.

In this, however, he was foiled, for one of his guests caught sight of him, and the word at once passing that he had arrived, the whole party flocked out to meet him.

In a moment he was surrounded by a bevy of fair, frivolous girls and matrons, neighbours and acquaintances.

His natural fondness for society, and its foolish dissipations, soon gained its wonted ascendancy, and in the presence of the gay and laughing throng, he gladly forgot the cares, troubles, and vexations of the day.

Supper, wine, and cards followed, of course, and at one o'clock the party broke up, each one declaring they had never passed a more delightful evening.

When they had all departed, Belle and Robert

were left alone in their beautiful parlour, and as he looked around upon the luxury which surrounded him—upon the gorgeous furniture—the brilliant mirrors—the gay ensemble, he sighed as the thought crossed him that he might not enjoy them much longer.

In fact, he had enjoyed them so long, he had lived so long in this false but pleasant position, he felt that its continuance was his right, and even with the certainty of his true position staring him in the face, he could not bring his mind to make a voluntary surrender of it—no, not even to preserve his character and reputation.

He did venture upon a faint effort to induce his wife to listen to him, and consent to forego some of their expensive treasures, but she silenced him by reminding him that he had first renewed the career of pleasure upon which they had again entered.

She knew him better than he did himself; he was only in the dumps now because something had gone wrong in the city, and she had heard that so often she laughingly wished he would find something else to talk about.

Robert sighed, but made no reply; he had none to make.

He had first encouraged a renewal of these habits of extravagance and dissipation, which they had once abandoned, and he felt that he had done quite as much to condemn as herself.

He had intended, when he left Mr. Hardman's, to acquaint his wife with his true position, and insist upon an immediate change in their mode of living. But he had not yet fully made up his own mind at what point to begin that change, and, therefore, he did not propose it at all at present.

The next morning, at an early hour, Mr. Arnold was closeted with his friend Gripe.

"Now, Gripe," said Mr. Arnold, as he threw himself into the only vacant chair, "you did not deal fairly with me yesterday; you kept me till the last moment, and then squeezed the very blood out of me. Now, that is not exactly fair, considering how much you have made out of me already."

"Really, Mr. Arnold, that is not exactly fair on your part. I have never made a dollar out of you except in the regular way."

And Mr. Gripe spoke with such earnest simplicity—with such an air of injured innocence—and did not blush at all, Mr. Arnold was more than half inclined to believe him; but whether he did or not, he thought it best not to exhibit any doubts as to his integrity just now, as his further services were urgently required.

"Well, I dare say; but even then you have made a little something."

And he playfully poked the broker in the ribs.

"Of course. I couldn't work for nothing. But there is one thing I can say—I never disappointed you when you relied upon me, and you have made some pretty loud calls. But come; what can I do now?"

"You must arrange for that four hundred ahead, and not exact such awful shaves. Those bills I gave you were as good as gold."

"Have you any more of that insurance stock?"

"Not a pound. It is all hypothecated."

"Better keep it there," said Mr. Gripe, with a quiet but very meaning smile.

"I don't exactly understand you, Gripe."

"Well, you will before many weeks are over. I can only tell you, you made a good loan on that yesterday, even at sixty pounds for the sixty days."

"Go on; there's something behind. Out with it, Gripe."

"Well, to tell the truth,"—and Mr. Arnold laughed at the possibility of such a thing—"I heard something this morning, Arnold. What did you pay for your stock?"

"Par, of course. I gave my bills at twelve months."

"Oh! well, you are not so badly off, after all, if you only gave your bills."

And Mr. Arnold's eyes opened very perceptibly at this gentle insinuation; but he forbore to notice it.

"Now, as to your bills, I have a plan in my head which I think I can carry out. I think I know a party who has influence in two or three country banks. If I can get him to have them discounted (of course you'll endorse them), and get the proceeds in country bills, you can easily borrow on the bills for thirty or sixty days."

"But why not sell them outright, at a quarter the regular discount?" interrupted Robert, who had jumped at the idea.

"Oh no, they won't allow that, because they would go directly back to the bank, and be called for in specie. No, these banks discount for city customers, on condition that they keep the bills in circulation for a certain number of days. I do that every week, and if your paper is good, there is no difficulty about it."

"Well, let me know what arrangement you can make. Do the best you can, and get me over November, as after that I can take care of myself for a time. When will you let me know?"

"During the day or to-morrow."

"Then I will see you to-morrow, and don't fail, for I want to feel easy for at least sixty days, if possible. The other loans of thirty days I suppose you can easily arrange. Some of the bills come due soon, and when your party sees that they are paid, he will, no doubt, be willing to continue it at such rates."

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," said Mr. Gripe; and Arnold could not help recalling very indistinctly a passage he had somewhere read about the Evil One quoting Scripture.

Not ten minutes after they separated, Mr. Butman made his appearance, and entering with his cautious, cat-like gait, glanced carefully around the room, probably fearing that his character might suffer if he was seen coming to such a place.

"Ah, Mr. Gripe, good morning," he said, seating himself, when he had satisfied himself that there were no persons present but themselves—"What have you good for me, ah, this morning? I have, ah, got a little money, and I don't care if I let it out if I can get a good rate, ah, for it. I don't care to make much, but, ah, I don't want to have, ah, my money idle."

"You use the country banks, don't you—two or three of them?" queried Mr. Gripe, settling himself back in his chair.

"Well, ah, I suppose I can get some accommodation on good paper, ah."

"Now, then, I have some good paper, and I can put you in the way of something nice, but you must let me go in for something. If you don't do the fair thing, I know who will."

"Of course, ah. I want to do everything, ah, that's right. I only want to use, ah, my money at a fair rate."

"Listen for a moment, and I will tell you what my plan is. I have a fine line of securities well endorsed here. You get them discounted, and pay over the proceeds in country money. That must be kept out of the banks, say for sixty days, and I can borrow on them at a rate."

"Ah, yes, I see," said Mr. Butman, a quiet smile stealing across his face. "I don't know but I might lend on the bills myself at a fair rate."

"That's just what I mean. I can get two per cent. a month for the discount, and then the money can't be borrowed on the bills at less than fivepence a day. You know that is the regular rate now."

"Well, ah, that ain't a very bad plan. What kind of bills? Are they very good? I shouldn't, ah, like to take them, ah, unless I know, ah, all about them."

"Oh, regular jobbers' country bills. My party here will endorse them, and he is perfectly good."

"Is he good?—are you sure? Do you know him yourself?"

"Oh, first-rate—he is backed, I have been told, by a wealthy old uncle—George Arnold. Everybody knows him."

"Yes, he's good enough. I tell you what I will do, Mr. Gripe—(the ahs are omitted, but the reader will please place them between every fourth and fifth word)—let him give me his own bills, endorsed by his uncle, with the country bills as collateral, and I think I can get them done. What did you say he would pay?"

"Oh, I think he won't mind two per cent. just now, as the market is tight."

"Do you think that would pay, Mr. Gripe?" queried Mr. Butman, with an air of irresolution.

"Well, I think, that with the large interest offered you could not do better," and Mr. Gripe grinned a ghastly smile.

"Well, I'll do it. I can take about one thousand four hundred pounds between the three banks. But mind, I want his bills endorsed by George Arnold, and I will keep the country bills as collateral. I suppose they are all regular?"

"Regular business paper for goods sold and delivered. Will you come in again to-day, or shall I see you to-morrow?"

"To-morrow will do. I'll go and see if I can use what little money I have got to-day," and the worthy philanthropist left the office.

When Mr. Butman had taken his leave, Gripe turned to his desk, and drawing a sheet of paper before him, commenced a series of additions and multiplications (there were no subtractions), and the result seemed to afford him a great deal of pleasure, for his eyes twinkled, and his face was wreathed with smiles, as he took up his hat to convey to Mr. Arnold the welcome intelligence of the arrangement into which he was prepared to enter.

A very few moments sufficed to bring him to the presence of Mr. Arnold, and the door of the private office closed, he entered at once upon the object of his sudden and most welcome visit.

"I was so lucky as to see my party," said Gripe, as he took a seat, "a few minutes after you left the office, and I have made an arrangement with him which I think will put you through, and save you a

great deal of trouble. He is willing to take, say twelve or fourteen hundred pounds of your bills, well endorsed, and these he will get done at his country banks, and will turn over the country bills to you. The country bills he will hold as collateral only."

"Really that is admirable," said Mr. Arnold, with enthusiasm, for the idea of getting money at seven per cent. when he had been paying twenty per cent., was like ice on a summer's day. "I can sell the money at the regular discount, and that will save me—"

"Oh no," interrupted Mr. Gripe, with a very meaning smile, "that won't do at all. You must agree to carry the bills for sixty days at least—that is, they must be kept in circulation for sixty days, and not presented at the banks."

"Oh, ah, yes—I begin to see into it. I must borrow on the bills. Well, suppose he does these bills for me, at what rate can I borrow on the bills?"

"Why, I am pretty sure I can find a party who would agree to carry them at sevenpence-halfpenny a day. You see that would give you ninety days' start."

"How? I don't see how."

"It is very simple, I am sure. Of course your bills would not be due under ninety days, and at the end of the sixty days, all you have to do is to let the bills be put in circulation. Sell them to some builders, or parties who employ a large number of men. You will find plenty such to buy them, and that will be the end of them."

"Really, that is not so bad after all," said Robert, with whom the idea of a discount at seven per cent. was still prominent.

"Yes. He says he will take your bills at two and a half per cent." (Mr. Gripe added the half per cent., possibly forgetting the recent interview with Mr. Butman), "and let you have the bills by Saturday." (It was on Tuesday this interview took place.)

"Two and a half per cent., and sevenpence-halfpenny a day, let me see"—and Robert drew up to his desk, and figured for a few moments. "Why, Gripe, that is four and a quarter per cent."

"Yes, for sixty days, but only two and a half for the rest of the time," said Mr. Gripe anxiously, fearing that his customer would interpose some objection to the rates.

"And your commission added. Can't he take bills at four months?"

"No, he says he won't go beyond three. And by the way, I mentioned your uncle's name, and said that as he was behind you, you could give him your bills with his endorsement. He said he would take those."

As Mr. Gripe spoke, Robert suddenly turned aside, and rising, went to the glass door which separated the office from the warehouse, as if he had seen or heard something which called him there.

He remained looking into the warehouse for a minute or more, then resuming his seat, remarked with an air of calmness:

"I am very sorry you promised that. I am not sure he is in town, and I want this arrangement made at once, if I accept those terms."

Mr. Gripe was so much interested in his own prospective profits, he did not particularly notice Mr. Arnold; if he had, he would have perceived that his face was very pale, and that something unusual had occasioned a sudden change in his manner and appearance.

"Oh, I know I can make the arrangement, but he must have your uncle's endorsement—he mentioned that particularly—for he said he knew that he was good for anything to which he puts his name."

"What kind of man is he? Will he do what he says? Will he put the bills into the street? I would not have them there with that endorsement on any account."

"Oh, no. He will send them directly to the country banks. You will never hear of them again until they are due."

"Who is he? What is he? I don't care so much for my own name, but I wouldn't have Uncle George's—"

"Oh, you need not fear on that score, I assure you," hastily interrupted Mr. Gripe, feeling sure of his man. "What he says he will do, and I will pledge myself that you shall never hear of the bills until they are due."

"Well, I will think it over. It is an awful bargain. Nearly sixty per cent., Gripe."

"I know, Mr. Arnold. But you get ninety days of clear time, and by that time money will be easier. You give me good city bills, and I can get them done at decent rates; but money now is worth ten per cent., and the idea of raising it on country bills is simply absurd. I can do as well as any other man in that line, and I don't believe there are six men in the street who could have raised the money for you

that I have, upon the same securities, and on as good terms."

"I don't know what you call terms, Gripe. But no matter. I will think it over, and let you know in the morning."

"I wish you would. He must know before eleven, for he wants to send the bills up at twelve o'clock, if you want the money by Saturday. Ah, by the way, don't trouble yourself about the loan on the Insurance stock—that will work its own way—leave that to me."

This was a glimpse of comparative comfort which so elated Mr. Arnold, that he unhesitatingly accepted the liberal offer of his kind friend, Mr. Gripe, on the spot, and promised to have the bills at his office the next morning by eleven o'clock, if his Uncle George was in town. If not, he would have them in a day or two, at the farthest.

"Well, but if you say you accept his terms, he will charge interest from to-morrow," said Mr. Gripe, anxious to save his friend from the payment of extra interest.

"Let him charge; a day or two won't kill me. He shall have the bills to-morrow, if possible. I suppose he don't want any more than the same quantity of collaterals?"

"I presume not."

"I will make bills for one thousand five hundred and twenty pounds, and give him that amount of country bills. But mind you, Gripe, if, by any possible chance, these bills get into the street, you would never—"

"Oh, don't borrow trouble. I know my man as well as I do myself."

"Yes, but I would not have one of them go to my uncle for the world."

"Never fear, I tell you. They will go straight to the banks out of town, and he will never hear of them except through your fault."

"To-morrow at eleven then I will see you," and the pleasant, smiling Gripe, took his leave.

One thousand four hundred pounds, clear of the insurance loan, and those bills for the stock not valid! Well, this is an oasis indeed. Let me see; and drawing forth his bill-book, he glanced over it with careful scrutiny. "Yes, that will carry me through the year. This is the 17th—the middle of January. Oh, things must be lighter before that. I'll do it," and he closed the book with unnecessary violence, and with a shock which fairly startled himself.

It is unnecessary to enter into special details of the further progress of this "operation." The bills were handed over on the following morning, and on the succeeding Saturday Mr. Arnold received the proceeds, amounting to something over twelve hundred pounds.

The reader may make his own calculations, and he will readily discover how much Mr. Arnold saved by this operation, and if he will remember that Mr. Butman charged two per cent. a month and fivepence a day, for the bills, while Mr. Gripe charged two and a half per cent. and sevenpence-halfpenny per day on the bills, he can also discover exactly how much that worthy gentleman made by the arrangement, in addition to his hard earned commissions.

The money thus obtained enabled Mr. Arnold to take up the loan of four hundred pounds when it fell due, and the same process was repeated with the bills which had been placed out as collateral for that amount. Mr. Gripe, with the aid of his kind friend, Mr. Butman, managed to get another bill for five hundred pounds discounted at the country bank, and thus Mr. Arnold had ninety days of comparative ease before him, for acting upon the hint which Mr. Gripe had thrown out, he made up his mind not to be troubled about the loan on the insurance stock. He had raised two thousand and sixty pounds, or rather he had raised that amount less the two and a half per cent., the sevenpence-halfpenny per day, and the "regular commission," and this afforded him comparative peace. Indeed, he was so elated at the successful termination of the operations he had made in the past few days, as faithfully detailed above, that he determined to celebrate the occasion; and accordingly on the day in which the four hundred pounds loan was taken up and put away for ninety days, he invited some half dozen of his friends and neighbours to a card party, at which he lost over eighteen pounds besides the cost of the supper; and all he had to show for his night's pleasure was a very violent headache the next morning. But then he had put off the evil day for three months.

CHAPTER XXII.

UNCLE GEORGE was very happy in his new home.

He found his rooms exactly what he wanted. He was with those who seemed really to care for him,

and for whom he felt a strong attachment, and there was on their part every apparent effort to make him comfortable, happy, and contented.

As for Mr. Benson, every day seemed to confirm Mr. Arnold in his first conceived opinion, that he was one of the most worthy, honourable, upright, and industrious men he had ever met, possessing an integrity which nothing could swerve, and a firmness of purpose from which he could not be moved.

Mrs. Benson was attentive and careful.

She knew how much her husband owed to the kindness of their guest, and her natural goodness of heart led her to strive by every possible means to prove her gratitude for favours bestowed upon him, by attention to his wants and comforts.

True, they were comparatively rich themselves. Mr. Benson's business had prospered beyond his fondest hopes, and they could have purchased and occupied the house in which they now resided, without any drawback upon her husband's business, and without going beyond their means.

It was, therefore, not with any idea of personal advantage that Mr. Arnold's offer had been so promptly accepted, but rather with a view of testifying their appreciation of his kindness and confidence.

And Mr. Arnold was too sensible a man not to see and appreciate his own and their true position. In the strongest sense of the word, he was at home, if, indeed, a bachelor of sixty can be said to know the meaning of the word.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson were fearful at first that the children would disturb their host and lodger, but those fears were soon dissipated, and they had good cause for alarm lest he should spoil them by over indulgence.

The first week of his advent they were cautioned not to approach his apartments, and to be as quiet as mice when he was within, so that their first impressions led them to look upon him as something akin to a Bluebeard, or a child-eater.

During the second week he was caught coaxing them with candles, which he purchased for their especial use, and which he had bought in most unhealthy profusion.

In the third they had found their way into his rooms, and before the fourth week had expired his apartments were their constant resort, and he their play-fellow.

George would steal his spectacles, and mounting them upon his tiny nose, would perch himself in "Uncle George's" easy-chair—for they had dubbed him Uncle George—and with newspaper in hand, pretended to be deeply engrossed in the news of the day; while Nelly, the mischievous monkey, would put his wig in papers, and make him sing her to sleep, or tell her stories until he was hoarse.

One day, towards evening, while seated at her work, awaiting the arrival of her husband and Mr. Arnold, Mrs. Benson was startled by the sound of a terrible racket proceeding from Mr. Arnold's room.

A hasty glance around her own room satisfied her that the children, who were out of sight, were at the bottom of it, and she was sure that some mischief was going on.

Mr. Arnold's room was now, by courtesy and by common consent, the play-room.

They were permitted to do as they chose and what they chose when there, and he had given express directions that no fault should be found with anything they might do while there, and that they should be left to his correction if they needed any on his account.

Mrs. Benson soon discovered that he was in a fair way of spoiling them by indulgence, and had begun to rack her brains for an antidote; but at every point she was foiled, for there were three to one, and for the present she had to yield to the majority. But to the racket.

Mrs. Benson, satisfied that the children were at some mischief, hastened upstairs, quite unaware that Mr. Arnold had been at home over an hour, and had been stuffing them with cakes and candies, which is the goodness of his heart he thought was the best thing he could get for them, because they liked them the best.

The door of his apartment was closed, but as she was certain that he was not at home, for she had not heard him enter, and was equally sure that her children were at some mischief, she opened it without the formality of knocking, and beheld a sight which quite upset her dignity, and deprived her of all power of finding fault.

Mr. Arnold—the sedate, quiet, stern, hard-featured man, who was so seldom seen to smile—was down

on his hands and knees on the floor, with Master George upon his back; while Nelly, with cane in hand, and a string around his neck, was pounding upon the floor, and urging on her horse to the top of his speed.

As Mrs. Benson opened the door, Mr. Arnold, still retaining his rider upon his back, turned his head aside, and on seeing who it was, gave her such a comical look, nature could not withstand it, and hastening to a sofa, she threw herself upon it, and gave free vent to a burst of laughter, which might have been heard a long way off if the windows had been open, which, fortunately, was not the case.

Mr. Arnold, struck with the ludicrousness of his position, and fully appreciating the fun of the moment, caught the infection, and gently rolling over so as not to injure his rider, joined her with an heartiness which made the room ring again, while Nelly, utterly confounded at the sudden apparition of her mother, stood with the uplifted cane in her hand, and the half-finished "get up" on her lips.

Mr. Arnold had found a home, indeed, and this little episode has only been narrated to show that beneath the rough and forbidding exterior, and under the guise of cold, austere manners, there beat a heart open to every kindly sympathy, and capable of enjoying the pure delights of domestic happiness.

"Well, you caught us then," he said, still lying on the floor, for he was too much weakened by laughter to rise, while his rider had shrunk away into a corner out of his mother's sight, and Nelly, dropping her whip and reins, stole into the other room.

"You will ruin those children, Mr. Arnold," said Mrs. Benson, when she found breath to say anything. "They don't think of anything after school but to come in your room. I am afraid they will do some serious mischief yet, and then you will make them very unhappy by scolding them."

"I wish they would," said Mr. Arnold, rising and shaking himself. "I should really like to have them do something to make me scold. If they would only break my looking-glasses, or cut the carpets, or spoil the furniture, it would please me very much, for I want to know how it feels to scold those whom we love."

And he closed with an earnestness of expression which satisfied Mrs. Benson that the trio were very likely to have their own way.

"Go along with you, and get ready for tea," said Mrs. Benson, biting her lips to restrain her laughter, as she saw George peeping from his corner, and noticed Nelly looking through a crack in the door which led to the back room. "Come, Mr. Arnold, tea is ready. Send the children away; they don't pay much attention to me when you are at home."

"Come, pets, you hear what mother says—go and get ready for tea."

And they scattered at his word.

"Really, Mr. Arnold," said Mrs. Benson, "you must not allow such liberties. You will make them unmanageable. One of these days you will get weary of them; they will annoy you, and you won't be willing to believe that it is your own fault. I have tried to keep them away from you, so as not to disturb you."

"Yes, I know you did," he interrupted, laughing, "and I coaxed them in here, that I might have some pleasure with them. They never do anything without my free consent, and you must not blame them because I act like a child when they are here. I must have something to love and to love me."

Mrs. Benson saw that it would be useless to say any more on that point, and repeating her remark that tea was ready, left the room.

Mr. Benson reached home at the usual hour, and the family were seated at the table, Mr. Arnold being, according to his own selection, flanked on either side by George and Nelly.

"I took a little advantage of you to-day, Mr. Arnold," said Mr. Benson, after some conversation upon the current events of the day.

"Well, you need not have told me of it, friend Benson; but as you have mentioned it, I should like to know how."

"Why, I had a lot of old materials which I have got out of some houses I have been pulling down, and I sold them on your credit to a gentleman named Batman."

"As I never dealt in the articles," said Mr. Arnold, quietly spreading his bread, "I can't comprehend you. Please explain."

"That is very easily done. The person who wanted to purchase was going to build some tenement houses, and he offered to take all the old stuff

off my hands if I would take some bills in part payment, and yours was one of them."

"Not my bill, Mr. Benson?" queried Mr. Arnold, pausing as he was in the act of putting the bread into his mouth.

"Not your bill, but your name. There it is!"

And draw forth his pocket-book, he extracted from a number of papers a bill for three hundred and eighty pounds odd, drawn Robert Arnold to his own order, and endorsed by George Arnold.

Mr. Arnold took the paper calmly. He looked at it with the most earnest attention, and as he looked, his countenance changed to an expression of sternness such as no one there present had ever seen before.

Whatever might have been the nature of his emotions, he quickly mastered them, and turning to Mr. Benson, said, with his business-like coolness:

"I don't fancy my name getting out this way. Will you let me discount this bill?"

"Oh, Mr. Arnold, I did not mention it for that, sir," said Benson, fearing he had offended his friend, "I do not need the money; I do not want it, and I took it at such a rate—"

"Mr. Benson," said Mr. Arnold, earnestly, interrupting him, "you will oblige me by allowing me to give you a cheque for this bill."

"Certainly, sir—certainly, if you ask it. But, really, I would not have you think—"

"I do not think anything that can give you one moment of pain, my good friend," he said, not allowing Mr. Benson to finish his speech. "Please allow me to retain this bill, and if you will send to my office in the morning I will give you a cheque for it."

And taking consent for granted, he carefully folded the bill, and placed it in his wallet.

Mr. Benson thought that Mr. Arnold was offended at having paper with his name placed in such a position, and appreciating his feelings, made no further objections or remarks, but suffered him to retain the bill.

(To be continued.)

VEGETABLE LEATHER.—Under the title of "Improvements in the manufacture of Vegetable Leather," a patent has recently been obtained in this country for an invention which promises to utilize certain waste or cheap products. Fucus of several species and Laminaria are well-known seaweeds, as plentiful on the sea-coast as grass in the fields, and waste textile materials of vegetable origin are still in sufficient abundance to find profitable employment in the manufacture of this "leather." Sheets of carded wadding are manufactured with cotton waste or cotton itself, according to the quality required to be produced, uniform in thickness, length, and width, which sheets are placed on a polished zinc or other metal plates, then the wadding is coated with a concentrated decoction of "fucus crispus" or pearl moss, or other fucus or mucilaginous lichen (rock moss), or any other similar mucilaginous substance may be employed. The metal plates require to be kept hot, in order to allow the mucilaginous decoction to penetrate thoroughly into the filaments of the cotton. The sheet is then dried quickly, thus giving to the surface applied to the metal plate a glazed or polished appearance, resembling the gloss of ordinary leather. The sheet thus prepared is passed between two heated cylinders or rollers perfectly polished, having a space between them the exact thickness required to be given to the sheet to be produced. Great pressure is required in order to press and felt all the filaments of cotton thoroughly together, and thereby rendering the thickness of the sheet uniform. The sheet is then coated with linseed oil, and dried in the open air, or by means of artificial heat. When the sheet is dry, a coating of thin vegetable wax is applied, and the sheet is softened by passing it through heated fluted rollers, by which means it is softened in a uniform manner; it is then passed through other rollers, according to the quality of the leather required, either plain, morocco, embossed, glazed, or otherwise, and it is then bronzed, silvered, gilded, or varnished, and finished in like manner to ordinary leather. French, vegetable, or similar leather thus prepared is waterproof and easily stamped.

REARING YOUNG BIRDS.—When it is wanted to bring up a nest of starlings, bullfinches, or other birds, it is a common practice to get the old birds to feed their young until they are able to do so themselves, by placing them in a cage, and removing them gradually away from the nest to where they are intended to be kept.

SCIENCE.

THE SIMPLEST TIDE MOTOR.—To those who have inquired relative to means for utilizing tide power, we would state that the simplest and probably the most effective device for the purpose is situated abroad. The mill is commonly located at or near the mouth of any little arm or inlet of the main body of water, and across the inlet a short dam is erected. The only access left for the water to run in or out of the arm is under the mill, and there the two undershot wheels are located. As the tide rises outside, the aperture is too small to admit its entering the inlet with sufficient rapidity to keep the water level uniform. Hence there is at flood tide a powerful current running under the wheel inward, and at ebb tide a similar current running outward. The wheels are of course turned, as it may be flood or ebb tide, in reverse direction; but by simple mechanical gearing they are caused to drive the machinery always in the same direction. There is no time when the machinery need not be going, as even when slack water arrives the dam is holding back a sufficient head to keep the wheels going until the tide definitely sets in or out; and even then it is obvious that a very slight difference of level on one or the other side of the dam is sufficient to generate current enough to operate the wheels. This is an old invention and a very simple one, but it appears not to be known to a great many people, who are vexing their brains over intricate systems of movable floats and gearing for accomplishing the same purpose. The mill is the nearest thing to a perpetual motion (not the perpetual motion—for that includes the idea of self-generated power) on earth.

A NEW STUFFING MATERIAL.—A bulbous plant called the soap plant, long known to the Indians and the old Spaniards, is now claiming the attention of Californian settlers generally. This plant grows all over the country, and sometimes in very large quantities, and is now attracting much attention with a view to its cultivation. The bulb is enclosed in a fibrous coating. It is found that, when dressed, these fibres run into four or five different qualities; the finest is like human hair, and being naturally of the fashionable colour, it is in great request for ladies' use, the other qualities for various purposes. The coarsest of the fibres are used for stuffing sofas, chairs, and other articles of furniture, and also for stuffing railway carriages, superseding crimped horse-hair, being equally elastic, and much sweeter. It is expected that more than a thousand tons will be exported during the present summer, and it is now thought desirable to bring the plant into general cultivation. The core of the bulb makes a first-rate lather with water equal to the finest soap, and its properties for cleansing are very great.

POISONOUS GARMENTS.—A new hot weather peril. It has been a mooted question for a considerable period whether or not the pigments derived from aniline, itself a well known poison, are poisonous to the body when brought in close and continued contact therewith. German chemists assert the negative; but on the other hand, numerous cases of obvious poisoning have been so clearly traced to the wearing of garments dyed with aniline colours as to leave no doubt that, although poisoning by such substances may be a constitutional idiosyncrasy in individuals, still enough persons have suffered to render clothing thus coloured to be avoided, at least in hot weather. And this for the reason that during the heated term, when perspiration is free, the pores of the skin are open, and the road for the absorption of this foreign deleterious matter is clear. Moreover, the perspiration may act as a solvent and at the same time as a vehicle for the poison; while in addition the system is necessarily enfeebled by the heat, and hence is not in a condition successfully to resist the noxious effects.

INDELIBLE INK WITHOUT SILVER.—Mr. A. J. Foote, of Del Norte, Colorado, sends us the following formula for an indelible ink without the use of nitrate of silver, which, he maintains, is thoroughly efficient and capable of resisting the action of freezing and thawing. No. 1. Extract of logwood, 1 lb.; water, one gallon. No. 2. Sulph. prot. of iron, 4 ozs.; water, 4 ozs. No. 3. Sulphuret of potassium, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; water, 2 ozs. After dissolving the logwood by boiling, add No. 3 to No. 2, until the iron assumes a black colour, then add this compound to No. 1, and boil a few minutes. Add cyanuret of potassium, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., which fixes the colour. For ink, add gum and alcohol; for dyes, add grease.

FACTS ABOUT POTATO BEETLES.—"The potato beetle remains in the ground all winter, emerges from it in the spring, fully grown and ready for procreation. During the day, it remains upon the

potato plant and does not fly all night, when it traverses whole fields and old sections of country, the males in search of the females, and vice versa. The beetle does not eat, and so does no immediate harm. The eggs are laid on the under side of the leaves, in patches about an inch square, and are a golden yellow colour. In a few days the young soft grubs are hatched, are ravenously hungry, have but slight hold of the foliage, and are easily knocked off. They have but slight ability to travel on the surface of the soil, and never descend to it voluntarily, until they have reached the perfect slug state, when their natural instinct prompts them to seek the earth, into which they burrow, form a cocoon, and in due time emerge full-grown beetles, ready to begin a new colony. This series of changes takes place from two to four times in a season, controlled by its length, warmth, etc. In the last change they remain dormant through the winter, merely because the temperature is too low to perfect the insects. It is therefore probable that, if they ever reach a tropical climate, their transmigration will be uninterrupted.

BETWEEN SUNSET AND DAWN.

It had been a glorious September day, and the sun was just sinking into a glorious pile of many-tinted clouds, when the train that was to take me cityward drew up at the little station at N—.

I had been rusticated in that wee country village for six weeks, my first vacation in as many years.

About myself, it is only necessary to state that I am a physician, past middle age, and holding a position in a public institution.

My work was hard, my vacations few, and I sorely needed the rest I had been taking when the train took me up at N—.

As I took my place, I noticed, quite near me, two women, one elderly and wearing the dress of a respectable servant the other very young, and dressed with simple elegance.

There was nothing in the dress of either to attract attention, but apparently the younger lady had been faint, for the other had taken off her hat, and was fanning her with it.

The face that rested upon the shoulder of the servant was the most beautiful as to form and feature, the most ghastly in colour, the most despairing in expression that I ever beheld.

Clouds of light, golden hair moved in the cool breeze from the open window, and the eyes, fixed vacantly, were of the purest blue, the eyes of a babe in shape and colour.

The fair complexion was perfectly colourless, and under the large, blue eyes were heavy, purple hollows, while the lips of the perfect mouth were parched and white.

I stepped to the water-cooler, mixed a light dose of ammonia and water, and handed it to the older woman.

"I am a physician," I said. "Let her drink this. It cannot harm her."

"Thank you," both said at once, and the dose was obediently swallowed.

I returned to my seat, but as the tedious hours wore away, I noticed frequently that beautiful, grief-stricken face.

There was no sign of mourning in the quiet gray dress, but that there had been some blighting sorrow in the young life was only too plainly evident.

The moon rose, lighting the pleasant scenes we passed at lightning speed, and it was nearly midnight when, without warning, there was a crash, and we were thrown here and there amid the wreck and the ruins of the trains which had come into collision.

I found myself, as I recovered from the effects of a stunning blow upon the head, hurled against a fence at some distance from the trains.

The moon lighted up a scene of horror and confusion upon all sides, and the air was full of cries of pain, groans, shrieks, and a babel of voices.

Clear above all rose one loud, commanding voice: "If there is a surgeon unhurt, will he assist us?"

That roused me, and I staggered forward, recovering myself fully before I spoke.

Two others had also answered that call, and we found plenty of work for brain and hands.

I was rising from an examination of one hopeless case, when a light hand touched me, and looking up I saw a young girl, who said:

"They have carried two women to our house. Will you come with me to see them?"

I followed at once. Not twenty steps away we reached a little wooden house, the door of which opened into a small room, and there I saw the women who had so interested me during the first hours of

that fateful journey. They were lying upon mattresses, evidently hurriedly spread upon the floor, and only one glance was needed to prove the sorrows which I had felt were slowly crushing out the younger life, were over upon earth.

But the elder woman still lived, and I knelt down beside her, to try to aid her. A brief examination sufficed. Here, too, death had set his seal, though the patient would live a few hours.

She opened her eyes while I still knelt beside her. "Miss Lorna," she said faintly—"my mistress, my nursing—is she hurt?"

"Yes," I answered. "I must go to her?" and struggling to rise, she caught sight of the rigid face near her.

"Dead!" she whispered; "d-d-d! Thank Heaven!"

It was said so fervently, so thankfully, that I looked at the speaker in amazement.

"You gave me the medicine, in the train," she said presently. "You said you were a doctor! Tell me, shall I get to London?"

I hesitated to speak.

"Do not be afraid to tell me," she urged; "you look kind-hearted. If I am dying, will you not see that the poor child is taken to her friends?"

"I will," I answered gravely, taking out my note book; "tell me her name and address."

"Her name is Lorna Fairthorne. You will have her taken to her brother's house, Mr. Graves, 537—street."

"I will do as you desire," I said.

Presently she said:

"I must trust somebody! Somebody must tell her mother and brother! You have been kind. Will you hear the truth, and tell them?"

"Yes," I said again, seeing that the woman's agitation was shortening her little time on earth, "you may trust me to fulfil any request you may make."

"They will know," she said—"Mr. Graves will know who Lucius Fairthorne is! Lorna, my poor darling, loved him, nearly a year ago, but her brother knew him for a bad man, a villain as he was, and forbade him the house. But Miss Lorna worshipped him. He was a picture of a man to look at, sir, he was indeed! Well, she fretted so I could not bear to see her, and I carried the letters for both of them, like a foolish woman I can see now! But it was all for love of the child I nursed."

She broke down, sobbing, but regained her composure after a moment.

"The letters made all the preparations for a runaway match, though I never guessed that, and Mr. Fairthorne knew that when Miss Lorna came of age neither mother nor brother could keep her out of the money her father left her. So he persuaded her to run away, and when I found she would go, I ran away too. She was never strong, sir, and I had nursed her all her life. Mr. Fairthorne was none too well pleased to see me in the carriage, to meet him, but he let me stay with her. So we all went to. He wanted to write to Mr. Graves and demand his wife's money at once, but she coaxed him to wait, telling him it was tied up until she was twenty-one, and that won't be till Christmas week, sir. She'll never claim it."

"When did she leave home?" I asked.

"Early in June! She was not married a week, before her husband began to be careless of her. But the worse came before they were a month married, when he was arrested for a forgery and attempt to murder, that took place more than a year ago. Then we knew his name was not Fairthorne but Blake, and he had been taking the name of a friend who was in Europe. It is all in a tangle in my poor old head, sir, but the police carried him off."

"Well, sir, all this time Mr. Graves was putting notices in the paper, without names right out, but we knew who was meant, begging his sister to come home, or write and tell them where she was. She meant to write, until the disgrace came. Then she would not! But she clung to her husband. Every day she went to the prison and sat with him for hours, and he seemed to soften and feel sorry for all that he had done, when she was with him. Every night she cried herself to sleep in my arms. She was grieving herself to death, and those who would have come to comfort her did not know her sorrow."

"I cannot tell you about the law part of the trouble, sir, for I had my hands full in court, watching the child. But the end was, they sentenced Lucius Blake to twenty years in the State prison. He was taken there this morning, and I was taking his wife home. If I had waited she would not have gone there, disgraced and worse than widowed. But she was stunned like, and did whatever I said."

"And have her mother and brother known nothing of her marriage?"

"Not a word, sir! You will find her marriage certificate in her pocket-book and a picture of her husband in the locket on her neck. You had better

take them now. Tell her mother I never left her, and would have brought her home! But her Heavenly Father knows best. You started when I thanked Him that she was dead. Is it not best so? Think of twenty years of misery, watching and waiting, sorrowing, and weeping. Better she's gone, poor lamb, than living to die by inches!"

"But the law would free her from her husband," I said.

"No law would take the love out of her heart, sir. Bad as he was, a forger, a would-be murderer, she loved him! That's the strange part of life, sir, a pure, good woman will cling to a bad man. But they do—they do. Can you lift me a little, sir, so I can see her?"

I complied, lifting her tenderly, so that she could rest upon my arm and see the face death had left unscarred and peaceful.

"It is long since she rested so quietly," the old woman said, solemnly; "sleep was only living all her trouble over in dreams. Who would wish to waken her?"

"Poor child," I said, softly, "she sleeps quietly now."

"In perfect peace! She will not waken to weep and moan. Put me down, please. I can rest too, before the time when you will carry us both home! Will this dreadful pain last long, sir?"

"Not long," I said.

I returned to the wreck outside. There was ample work for me, and I tried with all my skill to meet it, coming to the little house whenever I could spare a moment.

Each time I found my patient weaker, carefully tended by the girl who had summoned me to her side. Tender hands had prepared Lorna for the grave and carried her to another room, to wait the train that was expected as soon as the track was cleared.

The third time I came I knew that the end of the faithful servant's life was very near. She smiled as I knelt beside the mattress and put my fingers upon the fast-falling pulse.

"The pain is all gone, doctor," she whispered, faintly. "I shall not be long separated from my child. She would miss poor Margaret, would she not? Will you carry me home with her?"

"You shall not be separated," I promised.

"You have the locket and certificate?"

"Yes, I have both."

"Tell her mother I was faithful to her—I never left her—never—even—in death!"

She smiled again, whispering the words, and with the smile upon her lips, her spirit joined that of the poor, sorrow-stricken child she had loved so devotedly.

I waited beside her till she was carried to the side of her nursing, and promised to return to carry out the mission upon which she had sent me—fulfil the trust reposed in me.

Tenderly, upon that fateful night, I placed old Margaret beside her charge, and, giving orders that they were not to be removed excepting in my care, went again to the scene outside to give what service I could to other sufferers.

And as I opened the house door, having seen the last of the tragedy ended in the little room, the early dawn was lighting the scene outside, and the glow of sunrise was reddening the east.

And I may say here that I kept my word and saw the dead safely under the roof they had so rashly forsaken and told the story entrusted to me to the sorrowing mother and brother.

A. S.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

GRECIAN THEATRE.

A NEW drama, written by Mr. George Conquest and Mr. Pettitt, has been produced here; its first performance being for the benefit of Mr. Pettitt, the dramatic author. It contains many exciting scenes, and is full of fun, Mr. George Conquest evoking peals of laughter in the character of an international agent. Mesdames Miller, Denville, Victor, and Tuck supported the female characters; Mr. Sennett, Mr. James, and Mr. Syms did good service in securing the success of the piece.

THE GLOBE.

We have already noticed the opening of this theatre for a short season, under the management of Mr. J. A. Cave. The manager's performance of Terence O'Moore in "Kathleen Mavourneen" is a marked success, his singing of "Terence's Farewell"

and "Kathleen Mavourneen" eliciting warm applause. Miss Edith Lynd's Kathleen, and in the scene where Black Rory (Mr. Huntly) attempts her life, played with pathos and effect. Paddy O'Whack (Mr. L. Minner) has seldom had a better representative, and Kitty, his sweetheart, exhibits the talent of Miss Garratt to advantage. Mr. Leigh played Father Cassidy, and Mr. J. B. Johnstone O'Connor very creditably. Those who wish to see a well-acted sensation play should go to the Globe. The drama is preceded by the farce of "Second Thoughts Best," and the evening concludes with "Dancing Dolls."

PRINCESS'S.

THE "Corsican Brothers" yet holds possession of these boards, and the double character of the brothers, Dei Franchi, has changed hands, having passed from Mr. John Clayton to Mr. Hermann Vezin. Without invidious comparison, we must confess we look upon this change as an improvement. The high quality of Mr. Hermann Vezin's assumption, whether as a careful psychological study, or as an expression of high art in a histrionic point of view, is evident throughout.

STRAND.

HERE they have been doing good business, despite the torrid temperature. Mr. Terry has terminated a lengthened engagement. The old favourite over-the-water drama, "A Bird in Hand is Worth two in a Bush," gave Mr. Terry the opportunity of exhibiting his versatility of talent. Mr. Grossmith sang a comic song, which sent the auditory into convulsions of laughter. At the conclusion of the benefit performance, Mr. Terry led on Mrs. Swanborough, and between the pieces Mr. Terry delivered an address, from which we extract the following passages:

Time flies so rapidly that much I fear
Could I remark upon me made but hear
By many made who now before me sit
What, "Terry take another benefit!"
Would be the constant phrase of late expressed.

Accompanied by sighs heaved from the breast
Of those who find the summer heat intense is,
And are about curtailing their expenses.
With meat at something terrible a pound,
It's strange how quickly benefits come round,
And when some folks are going out of town,
And others cutting their expenses down,
It seems too bad, and I deserve, I feel,
To have but few respond to my appeal.
But no! my house to-day presents a goodly show,

And though I feared rash was my invitation,
Those fears dissolved before the approbation
Which you have, even with no niggard hand,
Given me since I first came to the Strand.

Now, after seven years—a goodish spell—
To this dear home I now must say farewell;
The best of friends must part, but let me say,

Ere from this little house I go away,
And ere our old association ends,
The management and I part best of friends.
For the unstinted in which you've meted
Out generous plaudits, and have nightly greeted

My efforts to amuse these seven years,
And for the hearty laughs and ringing cheers
With which so liberally you've rewarded
Whatever little pleasure I've afforded.
Accept my thanks. My gratitude to speak,
As I would wish to speak it words are weak.
Indeed, believe me, they'd a volume fill,
So for the deed please to accept the will,
And now no more till our next meeting very,
From your obedient servant Edward Terry.

THE Haymarket, Adelphi, Vandeville, Criterion, Prince of Wales's, Standard, Alhambra, &c., have produced no novelty. At the Surrey they are playing "Octoroon;" at the Victoria, "Nora Creina" and "The Jacobite." Indeed, throughout this recess there is, as Jack Reeve used to say: "Nothing stirring but stagnation."

We have already noted the forthcoming arrival of Richard III. at Old Drury as a magnificent spectacle. Mr. H. Sinclair has been engaged to play Richmond. Down in the far East they play Shakespeare, in the West they take their dramas from the French. On

Wednesday at the Britannia they played "Hamlet" and the "Comedy of Errors" to a good house.

Miss Helen Barry will reopen the Court Theatre on the 9th of September.

The Holborn Amphitheatre having been metamorphosed into a skating rink, the Duke's Theatre is about to be transformed into a circus. And thus the (theatrical) world goes round!

A new comedy-drama by Mr. J. Byron is said to be in the hands of Miss Ada Cavendish. It will be produced on that lady's return to town after her provincial tour.

The comedy of "The Brothers," by Mr. Coghlan, will be produced at the Court Theatre in October.

Mr. Irving commences his "starring tour" in the provinces by a performance at Manchester.

The Duke of Connaught during his stay in Edinburgh has been showing himself above the narrow prejudice of many canny Scotsmen by his visit to the Theatre Royal, where on the last occasion he witnessed the popular drama of "Rob Roy."

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE Bank Holiday entertainments here were on a most extensive scale. There was a constant round of amusements within and without doors from ten in the morning till ten at night; the bands of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, with six other military bands, attended, and the performances in the theatre, concert-room, and Broekmann's Circus succeeded each other throughout the day. Wrestling, boxing, athletic sports, trotting and pony races, balloon ascent, firework display, and illumination of the grove combined to render the day thoroughly enjoyable.

Recently a large collection of jewels was exhibited at the Alexandra Palace by Mr. Frank Flower, of 8, Piccadilly. They were arranged in excellent taste on a raised platform and grouped in a glass case among some beautiful flowers. The collection was said to reach the value of £100,000, and among the most noticeable objects were a pair of immense black pearls forming ear-drops, suspended by pure brilliants; a diamond necklace with magnificent pearl drops, valued at 10,000gns.; and a tiara of rubies and black pearls, perfectly Oriental, of the value of £3,000. Apart from these were some specimens from the antique, and also a small collection of goldsmith's work, designed expressly by Mr. Flower; a pendant and earrings, forming harps of exquisite workmanship, excited general admiration. One feature connected with this jewellery is that only one standard of gold is used—viz., eighteen-carat. The "Walking in Fire" at this establishment will be explained in a separate article.

NORTH WOOLWICH GARDENS.

THE enterprising proprietor of these popular grounds "got off" his Annual Baby Show last week. One hundred and twenty-three British babies were "on view" on Wednesday and Thursday at North Woolwich. Liberal prizes were given by Mr. Holland for triplets, twins and individual infants, and the display might have struck terror into the mind of a Malthusian bachelor when he contemplated the chubby, crowing, kicking and squalling congregation of sucklings gathered together by the invitations of "The People's Caterer." Their mothers and nurses too were a goodly sight. The conditions of success in the single infant classes were health, beauty, size and weight, the line of eligibility for competition as to age being drawn at six and twelve months. Dr. Pope and Dr. Vance officiated as judges, assisted by a committee of ladies. Some extraordinary specimens of "those blessed babies" were shown, and thousands of visitors in which the female visitors seemed to take a lively interest attracted warm commendations. Many thousands of visitors thronged the hall during the two days of the exhibition. Among the engagements is young Blondin, whose evolutions gave entire satisfaction to the holiday-makers.

DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE competition, on the Thames, has been rowed over the usual course, and Charles Thomas Bullman, of Shadwell, was the winner, being about 100 yards in front of the second boat, rowed by William Prince, of Chelsea. This was the 161st competition for the prizes offered by the famous old comedian.

The celebrated All England cricketer, Tom Hayward, died on the 21st ult., at Cambridge, aged forty-one.

FADING AWAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ada was worse in the morning; a fever had taken hold of her, and Aunt Leason sent for the doctor, who when he saw his patient, quietly remarked that she would be worse before she was better.

They were not comforting words, but they were true ones.

Every hour brought with it a change for the worse, and before the week had gone, Ada was wavering between life and death.

Aunt Leason, fearful of her now, would not leave the bed side, but she wrote to Hamilton, without saying she had done so.

She had learned from Ada her father's address. She wrote to him too, but with only a faint hope of the result.

Another weary week was added to the first, and Ada still lay in her bed, with death hovering so near that each uncertain night was expected to be her last, and yet no letter came from Hamilton or his father.

A third week, more weary than the others, dragged slowly by, and there was a change for the better. Had Ada been less tenderly nursed and worse cared for, she would have died long since, but she lived, though her life would never be the same as it had been—never more.

A month slipped by, and then Ada was able to get up.

She was terribly shaken, quite subdued and broken down now.

There was a sadness in her look, and a melancholy in her smile, and Aunt Leason did not like to see.

"Come, my child, you must bear up. Remember there is a higher power than that of mortals in this," Aunt Leason said, gravely. "His will be done." Do not forget that, and every sin brings its own punishment now or hereafter; it is better to bear it now.

Ada hung down her head. She felt the truth of what the old lady said. Still it was hard to bear.

"I have sinned," she answered, "and having had the courage to do that which was wrong, I should bear the punishment better."

Hamilton's name never passed between them now.

Ada felt that he was lost to her for ever, though he lived in her heart, and would remain there even when that had broken and her body decayed.

Aunt Leason did not forget her vow to hunt Hamilton down, but she was obliged to bide her time—the time when Ada could be left to herself—and that time had not come yet.

It came slowly and brought with it the cold, cheerless days of a London winter; but neither snow nor frost could keep Aunt Leason at home, did an act of charity or duty call her forth.

"I am going out to-day, my child," she said, when at last Ada was well and sat by the fireside, dreaming of the past, as she was doing always, "you will not stir?"

Ada looked up with a faint smile.

"No," she said, "not while you are away. But I ought not to make your honoured home a cloak to hide my shame from the world. I would rather go away and be alone in my misery!"

"Hush, Ada," Aunt Leason said, huskily, "you know how such words go to my heart. I will not leave you unless I know that you will never think of leaving this house."

She was prevented from going then by the arrival of someone she least expected to see.

The girl brought in a card, and Miss Leason reading the name upon it was startled to see it bore that of Mr. Ellis, Ada's father.

"I will see him in the dining-room, Ann," she said, without letting Ada know who had called.

Her heart beat quickly as she followed the servant; unused to dealing with men in anything she feared to meet Mr. Ellis, not knowing in what mood he had come.

She saw at a glance he was a tall, hard faced, gentlemanly looking man, with rather thin lips and a firmly closed mouth.

"Good evening, madam," he said, slightly bowing his head.

Miss Leason returned the salute, and her heart beat quicker still, for the voice he spoke in was not calculated to inspire confidence.

"You are, I presume, the writer of this letter, Miss Phoebe Leason."

"I am, sir."

"You had, or have my daughter here?"

"She is here, sir."

"May I inquire how she came here, madam?"

"She was brought, sir," said Aunt Leason, bursting into tears, "by a relative of mine, who told me she was his wife and as such I received her, took care of her and learned to love her, thinking of course my nephew had told me the truth. And it was not until two months ago I discovered that he had wickedly betrayed the poor pet and disgraced her and my house. But I would not desert her then; I took care of her as if she were a child of my own and nursed her through her sickness, hoping that when all was known that you would prosecute the bad man—my nephew—and take your daughter to your heart, for he was the sinner and not her."

Mr. Ellis scowled darkly.

"Where is my daughter, madam?"

"Hush, sir, for heaven's sake not so loud; speak kindly, for the poor darling is very ill."

"Confound her!" he muttered, and aloud said: "I will see her; may she repay you for your foolish kindness."

Aunt Leason, drying her eyes as she went, returned to Ada and told her who was waiting to see her.

The blood rushed through her veins and went to her heart, and before she had time to recover her father stood in the room.

"I did not get the letter, having been away," he said, "till a few days back. Heaven forgive me, I almost wish you were dead!"

"Oh, father!" cried Ada, jumping up. "Do pray, pray forgive me!"

"Never, so help me heaven! Never. You ran from your home with a scoundrel whom you knew would be no good to you. You have dishonoured me and mine, made yourself a nameless thing that all married women would shudder to come in contact with, and young men of honour avoid as they would a scorpion. Heaven! to think one of mine should ever come to this. Back, girl, I will not hear you. You shall fight your own disgraceful battle, and mind you heed well what I say. Never come to me so long as you live! Never attempt to enter my threshold, for I discard you at once and for ever!"

"Oh, no, no, father—no!"

"Aye," he thundered, "grovel in the dust as you may, weep bitter tears of blood as you will, but never shall I change. You are to me a stranger—for ever!"

Those were the last words that ever passed between father and daughter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE letter Aunt Leason had sent to Hamilton reached him safely enough, and he knowing from whom it came by the writing, was too great a coward to open it.

"I cannot be bothered by a lot of threatening letters," he muttered, and then quietly threw it into the fire, unopened.

Another came, but that shared the same fate.

There was a few weeks interval then; Hamilton did not know it was caused by an illness that was all but death to Ada.

Now that he was away from Clapham and the influence of Aunt Leason, he did not care either what was going on.

Burridge had arrived from Marseilles, and Hamilton was a constant visitor now at the house, becoming daily more and more fascinated by the beautiful Helen, while the old men, Bainley and his partner, talked over the future union of the young people.

Helen instinctively saw that her parents looked upon Helen's alliance with Hamilton Bainley as one of those things that would come off as a matter of course.

As yet Helen had not stayed to think—she had no perfect opinion as to the real state of her heart towards Hamilton.

His beauty she admired, his voice and speech charmed her; but there was a something in the glitter of his eye at times that gave her a doubt as to the depth of his soul, and she could not feel perfect confidence in him, and had he been less her slave she would have turned her back upon him in dislike.

Hamilton often, in the quiet hours spent with Helen in the drawing-room—often talked of her, and in such a way that even her soul thrilled, and she let herself be drawn away by the passionate fervour of the heartless wretch who could live in the joy of another's love, while one whose heart he had laid desolate, was slowly sinking to an eternal rest; falling from the world in which she had known little else that sorrow.

Since then had been no letters from Aunt Leason. Hamilton chose to forget what had happened, thinking that the affair had blown over. But he was

deceived then. Two months had gone 'tis true, but in that time the life that he had shattered, grew strong again, and Aunt Leason renewed her attempts to get reparation.

This time she wrote to the father. The great man had long since dismissed so very unimportant a matter from his mind, and he was angered at having it brought back again. He did not like to be annoyed by hearing of such things, and mentally anathematized Aunt Leason as a "meddling old idiot."

But he showed Hamilton the letter.

"What is to be done?" he said. "I shall have the old idiot coming up here. I wonder you had not more sense than to expose our home to such a disgrace as this. Read, sir, you will see then that your loving aunt threatens to bring forth an action of breach of promise against you, as the girl, whoever she is, holds letters of yours in which you have been idiot enough, sir, I cannot help saying so, to commit yourself to paper. I do not much mind the few hundreds it might cost, but I do having my name mixed up in a disgraceful liaison for all the world to know. What will Burridge say to it?"

Hamilton bit his lips and frowned. He remembered the letters he had written, and hated himself for having sent them to Ada.

"I might have known a girl of that class would not burn them," he thought. "She was cunning enough to think that they might be useful some time or other."

"Come, sir," said Bainley, sternly, "what is to be done?"

Hamilton shrugged his shoulders.

"I am at a loss to advise," he said. "Anything—"

"Advise, sir? The affair is yours, not mine, any more than my name will share in the disgrace."

"Send her a hundred pounds, father, and tell her I am away, and that if you hear any more from one or the other of that subject you will put the case in the hands of your solicitors."

Bainley strode the room angrily for a time. A hundred pounds was not much to him, but he did not care to throw that sum away upon his son's follies.

"The fact of it is," he said, turning to Hamilton, "this must be the last of this sort of thing. I was speaking to Burridge last night. He is quite willing to give Helen up to you, providing you enter upon your career at once, and are able in two years to take your position here, which I intend shall be my place, the one I now hold, should you be competent. You will have to travel again, this time for the firm. You will go to Russia in the tour. You had better go at once. Speak to Helen; let her understand that you will return in two years for her hand, then go from England."

"It's a cheerful time of the year certainly to travel," said Hamilton, not relishing the notion of having to leave Helen for so long.

"Pooh, nonsense," said the great man, as though there could be no possible objection to travelling. "That will make no difference to you."

"Very well. I would do more even than that for Helen. I consent to do as you wish, sir."

Bainley was satisfied then, and he wrote to Aunt Leason, not as he should have done to his dead wife's sister, but as he would to a woman whom he felt was intending or endeavouring to do him a wrong.

The letter contained a cheque for a hundred pounds to be given to the "young person," on condition that she would thereby resign all claim upon his son for ever.

The letter with the cheque was returned, and the great man turned red with anger, and then pale with apprehension.

He spoke to his son. Hamilton began to fear too, and he looked grave.

He saw at once that his best plan was to leave England without delay, and he sought Helen Burridge at her house to know from her lips what to expect.

It was a cold frosty winter's night. He found Helen at home.

She was alone, and his heart beat wildly. He would not say much then.

He could not come to the point too abruptly, and he feared the return of Helen's parents before he could say all that he had to say.

Helen looked supremely beautiful, and she received him with a smile that made his heart leap.

"Come, Mr. Bainley, you are late. But I am glad you are come," she said. "I am so lonely here by myself, though ma and papa will not be long."

"I must beg you to pardon me being so late, Miss Burridge, but I could not let the night pass without seeing you."

Helen elevated her handsome eyebrows, as though such a confession was slightly unexpected.

"I am going away," he went on.

"For long, Mr. Bainley?" asked the beautiful girl, growing interested.

"Two years."

"That is a long time."

"Very, for me, Miss Burridge. A dreary blank it will be, with only one bright star to lead me on, a hope that will, I trust, carry me through the time should the purpose for which I go be accomplished on my return."

"Purpose, Mr. Hamilton—"

"Thanks," he said, smiling. "That sounds kinder; without the Mr. I should like it better."

Then he waited to see what effect his words would have upon his fair listener. Helen coloured just a little and her eyes sought the fire.

"True," she said, slowly, "we are very old friends though we have so lately come together, Hamilton."

"I would that we had met years before," Hamilton said, the hot blood mounting to his cheeks, and a deep, passionate fire, kindled by the light of his fair love, was in his eyes. "I should have been a better man now."

"Are you a bad one, then?"

"As the world goes so; at least judging by what I see of other men, no; but what my heart now tells me should be a good man, I am not one."

"Perhaps you would not wish to be reclaimed?"

"I do. I should be glad I something really to work for, some noble heart that I might possess, come one, Miss Burridge, that I might love and cherish when I begin my career in the world, a heart that would be all my own, to adore, to worship. I should be happy then."

"But have you ever met with the heart you think you could love and cherish?"

"Yes," he exclaimed, more passionately than before, "yes, Miss Burridge. There I see it now in you—yes, Helen, hear me; 'tis you alone I love, you alone I have ever loved, can ever love. It is you I would work for, live for—aye, die for. Helen, do I love in vain?"

He was down on his knees then, her hand was clasped in his, and there was so much soul-thrilling eloquence in his mute supplication, for he only looked, that Helen had to avert her head, though she could not withdraw her hand.

"This is sudden, Hamilton. Pray rise."

"Never, my love, my Helen, until you speak my fate. I leave England in a few days. Tell me, am I to hope—promise that when I return in two years you will be mine. Can you do that, Helen?"

"I think so, Hamilton."

"You will cherish no other heart but mine—let no one live in your memory but me while I am away."

"No one."

"Heaven bless you, my darling." And he leaped up to catch her in his arms.

So it was settled then. His wild, passionate love was accepted if not returned, and on his return in two years he was to marry the peerless Helen, and so he went never giving a thought to the poor heart at Clapham that still clung so dearly to him, the more dearly now that a little life was coming into the world to make the untidy tie still stronger, still more dear, and put another link in the love chain that bound Ada to that discoloured man.

Knowing little of what was going on at Clapham, and caring less, Hamilton went away smiling in joy at his triumph, fully confident of his security, never dreaming that he might be made to suffer the heart-ache by faithless love.

He would have been less happy had he known that soon after his departure there came to town a gentleman widower and his son, who were introduced to Bainley by Burridge as Mr. Milburgh and Cuthbert Milburgh—the young athlete a little paler since his mother's death, but still the same splendid sturdy fellow met Helen Burridge, as he did every one, with a charming frankness that won its way always, though he did not know its charm.

He was quiet, unassuming, generous, open, manly, and just, and Helen admired him from the first night she saw him. He was a man to love and look up to, not to enslave and rule. Helen thought so, and unconsciously sighed, though why she sighed she alone knew.

Then, when Cuthbert was looking over the portraits in Helen's portfolio, he saw the likeness of Hamilton. He got scarlet at sight of the face, and Helen, watching him closely, saw that he coloured from anger and dislike.

"You do not know this man, Miss Burridge," he asked.

Helen turned pale.

"I do," she answered, looking Cuthbert full in the face.

"This man, Victor Hamilton. This woman destroyer and prodigal, this—"

"Stop, sir. I know that gentleman, Victor Hamilton Bainley—the great banker's son. My intended husband," and she rose haughtily from her chair.

"Then Heaven help you," said young Milburgh, closing the book with a bang. "Would that you knew the fate of one of your own sex, poor Miss Ellis."

"Ay, poor Miss Ellis, even while the words left his lips she was sitting alone by the quiet fireside at Clapham, weeping in silence. Shedding tears of love and sorrow over a tiny cherub form of an angelic baby girl that lay cooing and smiling up into the mother's face, reflecting the mother's melancholy smile with one of innocent joy, while the tiny hands clutched at the vacant air in playful sport, at the tears that fell upon its tiny brow.

Mother and child were alone in the house. The good woman who had nursed Ada through a second illness, and brought into the world the little love tie that made Ada cling to life now, was out—gone, Ada scarcely knew where, though she had guessed Aunt Leason's mission was to town to see the great man—the rich, the benevolent, the admired Bainley, whose son could remorselessly wreck a life and leave the fragments to sink beneath the dark waves of ruin.

The brave little woman bearded the lion in his den, fearless in her just cause.

"I trust," said Bainley, very pompously, "madam, you have not come such a journey, a bitter, frosty night like this, to annoy me on that subject your letters treated off. If so I will not hear you."

"I should think," said Aunt Leason, "that if you will not give me the consideration due to your late wife's sister, you will at least respect me as a lady in years, and as such give me the courtesy due from every gentleman to one like myself. I have come on that subject, Mr. Bainley. You can leave the room if you like. I shall remain until you come back."

"I do not see, madam, that I have any right to be annoyed in my own house when the fault is not mine."

"The fault is yours, as a man of honour and a father, in not making your son come forward and repair the wrong he has done an innocent girl and give his child a name."

"Child!" gasped Bainley.

"Aye, child; the child of the young creature he brought to my house and said she was his wife."

"You did wrong in believing him; you did wrong, even supposing that he had made a mistake, in harbouring in secret the woman he had taken without my consent. Let that pass, and tell me what you want of me. Hamilton is abroad, and will be married perhaps before he comes back."

Aunt Leason caught hold of a chair for support.

"Oh, Hamilton, can—can it be true?" she murmured.

"Quite; and I must certainly remark that you have taken a great interest in that girl."

"I have taken the interest one woman should take in another who has been so foully wronged."

"Nonsense. I cannot have any more of this. You say there is a child. Let it be sent to me. Let the girl say what she wants, what amount of money, what business, or something of that sort, she would like. I am quite willing to do my best for her, set her up for life and take the child, if she will promise to let the affair be forgotten for ever then. This is my final determination. I will have no more argument. It's useless for you to preach. You have my offer, the last one I shall make. You can return, consult her, and let me know—by post, if you please."

"Oh, Bainley, Bainley, do you ever expect to prosper? Do you think of nothing but this world?"

"I think, madam, of whatever suits me."

He rang the bell for a servant to show the old lady out.

"You know my determination. Good-night, madam."

"Heaven help her," moaned Aunt Leason, weeping as she left the room. "This will break my heart."

"I wish it would break your head or your neck," Bainley the pompous said inaudibly as he shut the door upon her.

It was a wicked wish; he smiled, as though he thought it clever when he said it. Twelve hours later he repented it.

Aunt Leason went forth into the cold frosty night. It was very late. The snow was coming down overhead, and turning into ice under foot, a bitter wind was blowing cold and chilly, hurling the snow flakes in all directions, but Aunt Leason did not scruple to take the journey back to Clapham.

"Poor darling Ada," she cried, when shut up in a

cab. She will think I am very long away, and that she is not going to see me again."

Ada did think so, counting the many hours as they passed. Nursing baby for company, and listening with many a cold shiver as she heard the snow pattering against the window and the wind moaning through the leafless trees, singing a very mournful dirge, and filling the silent, firelit room with solemn, weird echoes.

Strange echoes they were, sounding like light and shadowy footfalls, that seemed to come to the house, wander past it, linger in the gravel path, and then die away. She even fancied she heard vehicles draw up, then came the murmur of strange voices, that sent a chill to her heart, but died away, leaving her still alone with sleeping baby, and the echoes of the moaning wind, the pattering snow, and shadowy footfalls.

Once the mystic footsteps sounded louder and farther off. She listened. The snow came down still, the wind moaned more mournfully, and the footsteps came on. Five long, weary minutes, the sounds grew more distinct. The footsteps came closer, much closer. They passed outside the gate now, then came slowly up the gravel path, and came to a standstill before the door.

How Ada's heart beat, and her blood ran cold as a load solitary knock rumbled through the house, and she rang the bell to awaken the sleeping servant, who drowsily proceeded through the passage and opened the door. Then on came the footsteps—many footsteps they were, coarse, unsmooth ones, lumbering through the hall. Ada leaped up and opened the door of the sitting room, and a stream of light flooded through the open doorway, and showed her a sight that made her blood chill, and her soul send forth its harrowing agony in a shrill shriek.

On a stretcher, carried by four men, and guarded by two constables, lay Aunt Leason, white, with the ghastly tint of death on her face, and her eyes closed.

"Ada," she muttered, as they put the stretcher down. "Ada, I am dying. I am killed. It is the will of Heaven. Oh, mercy. I cannot forgive. Tell him that I died with an imprecation on my lips. An imprecation for h—"

"Aunt Leason," screamed Ada.

Everything was silent then. The kind, good voice was still—the lips apart as though the lingering imprecation was between them now. The eyes were closed. Aunt Leason was dead!

CHAPTER X.

ALL the feelings of sorrow, agony, loneliness, and grief that weary the brain, and strike home to the heart's tender core, blended together and came in a painful rush upon poor Ada, and left her speechless and motionless, looking upon the cold and stiffening envelope of clay that had so recently held the soul of the woman who had been all a mother to her—the saviour of herself and little one.

The men who had brought the good woman home looked up with much rugged sympathy for Ada, and more than one face showed a pitying sorrow that was heightened by the silent agony of the young creature, whom they took for the dead lady's daughter.

One of the men spoke at last, but it was only in a whisper, and to the weeping servant-maid.

"Which room shall we go to?" he said, conveying by a look that he thought they had better move from the young lady.

The servant did not speak, dumb too with sorrow and grief.

She led the way in silence to the room that Aunt Leason had slept in for fifteen years, and that was destined to receive her in her eternal sleep.

Ada followed the man.

Baby was in a cradle and asleep, knowing nothing. It missed no one, and there was at least no sorrow for that.

Aunt Leason's corpse was placed upon the bed, and covered with a white sheet, all but the stony face, still wearing the slight frown of just anger against her nephew—still troubled and painfully contracted—but there was a softening of the mouth, an almost expressed wish or salute of love in the formation of the lips that had parted to anathematise her kinsman, and to bless the wronged girl, and had failed in both.

Almost silently, in spite of the thick nailed boots and clumsy walk, did the men leave the chamber, sacred now to the dead and the sorrow of the living.

When the men had gone a doctor came, but he could do nothing.

All that could be done was the work of those whom Aunt Leason had left so suddenly to the mercies of the world, and in silent tears did Ada



[THE DISOWNED.]

and the girl perform the last offices necessary to the remains of the dead.

It was late when all was done.

Faintly flittered the light of two wax candles over the bier of Aunt Leason and creating a world of shadows in the room, quiet with a solemn stillness, never broken, for no word had been uttered there, no word was uttered even now, though Ada knelt alone at the bedside, with her face buried in her hands, her long hair streaming over her shoulders, and her head bowed low in prayer.

She did not fear that hairless clay that lay there so still, nor the silence, nor the shadows, though out of those shadows Ada made a substance that would appear farther up in her path of life. The substance, or reality, when she would be alone, an outcast and a beggar, working away her frail life to give bread and strength to the young life that it was her duty to nourish and protect.

Once the stillness was broken, and the shadows seemed to start, by a quivering sob that broke from poor Ada's lips.

She almost started herself.

It seemed so much like a wrong for her to disturb the solitude of the dead, when her own sins had been the cause of the death.

But she did not sob again, even her breathing was stilled, and no muscle of the body gave any sign of life.

She never moved nor rose, and the candles burnt low and flickered out one at a time, and the darkness was closing around her.

Still she did not move, and the candles went quite out, and sombre darkness came quite in, wrapping up her form, and the dead in its mystic winding-sheet. Still Ada was there.

And when the cold morning broke, lighter than usual, because of the snow that seemed to carpet the universe and reflect its dazzling white on the frosty air, the fearful maid who had missed her young mistress all the night, stole, without creating any sound, into the cold chamber. Ada was there, just as she had been left, kneeling, with hidden face and streaming hair. But the tears that had run down her cheek, there lay frozen on the cheek now, and like dew drops on the floor.

"Poor dear, she has suffered," murmured the girl, as she wept at what she saw. "But she cannot suffer and sorrow too much, for the likes of her who is dead will never—never be met again, anywhere!"

And she might have added:

"Only in eternity!"

Bainley, the pompous, sat quietly in his cozy breakfast-room, wrapped in a maroon velvet dressing-gown and velvet slippers, sipping coffee from a delicate china cup, and taking things with much consideration and condescension from the hands of his obsequious butler, and looking out upon the thick snow that lay heavily on the ground with as much indifference as any one can possibly feel who has not to walk through the cold slush, nor get ankle-deep in the snow, nor feel the icy flakes flitting down upon the hands and face, until they too get like snow-flakes, badly shaped and made blue.

Bainley had no need to care, and Bainley did not care.

Bainley had carriages, horses, servants, and money, no matter when it came, or how he had got it, and trouble—

"Bah!" as he had often said; "I never saw it!" and Bainley could not entertain an idea that it would ever be made visible to him.

Could such a vain and pompous mortal as Bainley have traced the track of more than one person's footsteps through that dazzling snow, he would have seen the herald of trouble coming very rapidly towards his house.

Trouble is a swift pedestrian, and steps in when least expected.

But Bainley, never given to dreaming, or taxing his brain more than was necessary, saw nothing.

Saw no one coming through the snow towards his house but a slim gentleman, attired like a clergyman, and when this person did knock at the outer door, Bainley elevated his eyebrows in wonder.

"He cannot want me, surely," he muttered.

"Wishes to see you at once, sir," said the butler, bringing in a card that bore the inscription:

"Rev. George Hull."

In his heart Bainley hated the ministers of the church, but openly he treated them with great courtesy and respect, and so the Rev. Mr. Hull was invited into the breakfast-room, and the minister went.

"I am sorry you were not half an hour sooner, Mr. Hull," said Bainley, rising, "but it is not too late, if you will join me," and he pointed to the breakfast-table.

The rev. gentleman thanked him, and sat down. "It was cold," he said, "and a cup of coffee acceptable."

And then, after a few preparatory remarks, he entered upon the subject of his visit.

"I am grieved, sir," he said, solemnly, "to tell

you that Miss Leason, your sister, is dead; met with an accident going home from here, and was killed."

"Good——!"

Bainley would have used the name of the Deity, but the minister guessing what was coming looked up in gentle rebuke, and the banker put "Heavens" in its place.

"How did it occur? What was the nature of the injury? Not broken her neck, I hope?"

"No, but the poor lady fractured her skull. Death soon followed the accident."

Bainley was not prepared for this.

The wish he had uttered when the good old lady had left him came back to him now, and if it did not touch his heart, it took away his appetite, for he left off breakfast then.

"How came the mishap?" he asked.

"By all that I can learn, sir, from the men who brought her home, the cab that Miss Leason had hired broke down on the way, and she was compelled to walk. The distance was a long one for her; the roads more or less dangerous from the slippery state of snow, and they say that the poor lady, just as she was passing an area, slipped on a slide some boys had made on the footpath, stumbled against the area gate, which, not being properly fastened, gave way, and Miss Leason fell down the whole flight of steps. She lived to reach her home, and died in the passage!"

The minister had made the story as brief as possible, but the simple way it was told did not detract from the sad melancholy of its nature.

Bainley scarce knew what to say.

He, perhaps, never regretted anything much in his life, but he was not inclined to be too callous over this.

"Poor woman!" he said, gazing blankly at the fire, "it was a very sad end!"

"Very," said the clergyman, solemnly. "I was shocked to hear of it. I have, for some time, been an occasional visitor at Miss Leason's house—in fact, she was kind enough to honour me with her confidence when she drew up her will and left me one of her executors."

"You, of course, know who it was in favour of, then?" asked Mr. Bainley, showing a little interest then.

"Of your son, Mr. Bainley, I think. But, perhaps, you would try and find time to go over to Miss Leason's villa, at Clapham, as one of her nearest relations. I think you should."

Bainley said he thought so too.

(To be Continued.)



[JOHN VERNER'S VISITOR.]

REUBEN; OR, ONLY A GIPSY.

CHAPTER XLII.

"THE election is near at hand," he said, "I had almost forgotten its proximity, but for the other side. I see they are placing their men rapidly; it is almost time that we settled on ours!" and he smiled slyly.

John Verner, who at the word election started slightly, raised, with a suddenly trembling hand, the claret glass to his lips.

Before his mind's eye the word recalled that hateful summer morning in the elegant apartment of Mr. Normanby, when stretched on the rack of fear, doubt, and impotent rage, he was helplessly compelled to endure the torture of the acute and mysterious young man's power.

For some time he had heard and seen nothing of this mysterious being, who, apparently the most idle, was the most industrious and powerful of men.

Only that morning, however, a letter, short and characteristic, had reached him, conveying in a few words some recent intelligence on political matters, couched in such a form that its inference could not be missed by John Verner.

"I shall hope to run down into your charming neighbourhood shortly," said the note, "and may fix my time at the period of the election, which I hope will prove an excitement for all concerned. The world here in London goes as slowly as ever, and it is difficult to believe, my dear Mr. Verner, that you were ever here, or that this room in which I now write was the witness to an interview which I recall with pleasure whenever I think of your name."

John Verner had crushed the taunting note, daintily written on scented and crested paper of the latest fashion, and hurled imprecations at the writer.

"Twenty thousand pounds, and make him Member of Parliament! Confound him; and I am helpless! How the chain was forged that delivered me bound into his hands I know not; but bound I am!"

Then he had endeavoured to forget Mr. Normanby and the power he possessed, but here was Sir Edward ready to awaken it by an unconscious word.

"Thank Heaven we are not bound, my dear

Verner, and can put forward whom we like!" "Yes," faltered John Verner, fixing his cold grey eyes upon the table-cloth, from which the handsome nonchalant face of Mr. Normanby seemed to stare at him.

"And it is time for us to decide," resumed Sir Edward. "May I ask what our friends are saying in the matter?"

"I—I haven't heard," replied John Verner. "I take very little or no interest in politics and—"

Sir Edward laughed. "Come," he said, "we must awaken an interest. If you do not know whom to propose, my dear Verner, I am wiser. What do you say to Morgan?"

"Morgan!" exclaimed John Verner, and his face paled at the prospect which might have been opened for him but for his confounded bond.

"Yes—could anyone be more eligible. Young, energetic, the heir to the Grange—and I may add, future master of Dingley—who could be more suitable?"

John Verner shook his head. "I am afraid," he said, then paused. "Morgan has no taste for politics—he—he—"

"Tut tut! all that will come when he has taken his seat. He will make a first-class Member; he has a stake in the country, and in fact, as I said before, just the man for Deane. Member for Deane, my dear Verner, your influence is equal to mine, and the seat is safe between us!"

"I—I must think it over," said John Verner, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. I am not certain that Morgan would consent to stand; I—I—shall we join Miss Seymour—we can talk the matter over another time!"

"Certainly," said Sir Edward with a laugh, "next week in fact, for I have decided to have a gathering of the clans, and we can then propose Morgan, and settle the matter."

Groaning with mingled rage, despair, and baulked ambition, John Verner followed him into the drawing-room, inwardly anathematizing the chains which bound him to that idle, languid, exquisite, Julius Normanby.

It was the night of the Dingley dinner-party, and the country was in a state of excitement, for it was well known that at Dingley Hall that night would be chosen the Member in the place of the last one, who had held the seat for fifteen years and dropped it at last through sheer old age.

To-night the great chiefs of the county were to make their choice, and already rumour had whis-

pered that it would rest upon Morgan Verner, heir to Deane Hollow.

It was a dark night and raining hard, and as John Verner stood before his looking-glass tying his cravat under his firm, stern chin, the wind blew in fierce gusts against the heavy window-curtains.

The storm outside accorded well with the storm which was raging within the squire's hard, grasping heart.

The hand that attempted to tie the cravat clenched it so tightly that it crushed it out of shape, the grey eyes met their reflection as if they were gazing at an enemy whom they hated with impotent hate, the stern, thin-out lips were shut tightly, as if to imprison the imprecations which lay unpronounced upon the head of the clever schemer who held him in his fangs.

"Did I but dare to have it out!" he muttered. "Who is this Normanby? How much does he know? What harm can he do me now? I've a great mind to chance it; some plausible tale may persuade him that I had not the power to prevent their choosing Morgan! Why should I do his bidding? Confound him, who is he, and whence comes his power?"

With a trembling hand he raised a small phial from a casket, and poured out a few drops of liquid.

"I must be calm—my hand shakes—I shall not be able to face them all! What shall I say when they propose that my son—shall be their choice? Can I refuse? No, by Heaven, I will not!" and with an oath he raised the glass to his lips.

"No," he muttered, "I'll dare this fiend to do his worst. He'll not carry out his threat when twenty thousand pounds would be lost by it. I'll chance it—Morgan shall be Member for Deane Hollow! Let me think. It seems too good to be true! Morgan Verner, master of Dingley Hall, the Grange, and Member of Parliament!"

As he spoke he started, for a low, musical laugh sounded somewhere behind him.

"Who is that?" he exclaimed, hastily.

"Only a very humble individual," said a voice, and Normanby came out from the shadow into the light of the wax candles.

John Verner staggered and clutched at the edge of his luxurious dressing-table.

"You here!" he breathed.

"Yes," said Normanby, with a mocking bow. "Your joy overpowers you—pray forgive me for venturing on the liberty of a surprise. I know how glad you would be to see me!"

And, with a repetition of the silvery laugh, he

threw aside his travelling cloak, and shook the wet from his hat.

"I—I am very glad," stammered John Verner, his face white with fear and passion, as a sickly smile settled on it.

"You look it," said Mr. Normanby, pleasantly, shaking hands.

"The Grange is noted for its hospitality, and I trespass upon its reputation—at some cost, as you see, for I am wet through."

"You—you travelled unexpectedly—suddenly?" said John Verner, scarcely finding words.

"At a moment's notice, and have ridden in an open fly from the station, at a guinea a mile. Another quarter of an hour, and I should have been too late!"

"Yes—I am going out to dine."

"At Dingley Hall," smiled Mr. Normanby, affably. I envy you! Pray proceed with your toilet; I came up unannounced that you might not be disturbed!"

"It was very kind of you," said John Verner, in a low voice.

"You—my amiability costs me much. I am the best-natured man in the world, I do believe, and when I thought of you, and your task to-night, I made up my mind to run down and proffer my assistance, humble and insignificant, but yet perhaps of some use!"

"My task—what task?" said John Verner, hoarsely.

Mr. Normanby sank into a chair, and stroked his silken moustache with a hand white as a woman's.

"Ah, to your great nature it is no task, perhaps, after all," he said. "But many weak men would deem it a difficult one, to rise and propose an almost nameless man for the honour which all are so eager to bestow upon your son!"

"You know all, it seems," said John Verner, after a pause.

"Everything!" said Mr. Normanby. "I know that I hold your bond for a large sum of money, to be paid upon the day of the marriage of my dear friend, Morgan, to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Seymour. I know that I hold your promise to give me the seat for Deane Hollow, and I know that you cannot break your bond, and that you dare not break your promise!"

"Dare not!" said John Verner, grasping his coat, and glaring at him. Dare is a strong word, sir! What if I say that I know nothing of this promise? That I refuse to be your slave. That I will not do your bidding in this matter, and that I dare you to do your worst?"

Again the silvery laugh rang out, maddening the grey-haired schemer.

"Say what you please, my dear sir!" retorted Normanby. "What does it matter so that you do what I please?"

Then with a sudden change of voice and look, that made John Verner quail, he leant forward.

"Idiot, did you think I would trust to your promise? Do you think I was ignorant of the trickster I had to deal with? No, I know you, John Verner, root and branch, and you are in my hands. I have the axe in my hand; dare you to break your word or play me false, and I cut you down and stretch you like a felled tree!"

"What can you do?" said John Verner, his eyes flushing, his face white with passion.

"Proclaim your infamy to the world," said Mr. Normanby. "Show your neighbours how dark and cowardly a scoundrel the man must be who can plot the ruin of his neighbour to enrich himself. What can I do? Hah! hah! I'll show you. To-night I also will be at the Hall, and will unfold the story of the robbery and embezzlement which made you rich, and entangled the heiress of Dingley in your net! How they would relish the story of that unposted letter—would they not?"

"Hush, hush!" groaned John Verner, wiping his hot lips. "You are quite right! I was joking, joking only! Of course I keep my promise—hah, hah! I merely did it for an amusement—to—to frighten you, my dear Normanby!"

Normanby rose and nodded.

"Of course," he said, "and a very good joke; I am sorry I spoiled it by not looking alarmed. Come, my dear sir, allow me to act as valet," and he took the coat which John Verner had held in a tight spasmodic grasp. "Allow me to assist you while I run over the eloquent speech which you will favour the great people with to-night. Shall I?"

And without waiting for permission, he ran on in a smooth distinct voice:

"Gentlemen, it is with feelings too deep for expression that I rise to acknowledge the honour you have done my son and myself. To say that his gratification would be as great as mine would be to say little; but gentlemen, with the most profound regret I must follow the dictates of duty and decline that

great and undeserved honour you would confer upon us.

"Unworthy, indeed, should I be if I were so weak and indifferent to the interests of my country if I sacrificed them to those of personal pride and gratification. With regret I must confess that my son is unsuitable for the position in which you would place him, and with sorrow I must state that he, on his own part, declines the responsibility which the honour would carry with it. It has been my ambition to see Morgan in some post of trust and usefulness, but I feel, with a deep conviction that Parliament is not the sphere in which his peculiar talents would be of service. So deeply do I feel this, so heartily does he concur with me, that I have ventured to look around for a substitute whom I might present to you as worthy of the honour you intended for us, and I beg to propose our common friend Mr. Normanby as candidate for Deane Hollow.

"He is known to us all—he is known to the world of politics, and he is acknowledged by the chiefs of the party as one who will be an acquisition to the senate and an enthusiastic supporter in our cause. Gentlemen, I propose Mr. Normanby!"

The soft voice was silent, and John Verner stood pale and hesitating.

"That is the speech," said Mr. Normanby; "embellish it with that flowery eloquence which has made you so great in the city and what you like in praise of the accomplishments which my modesty has prevented mentioning, and do not rest satisfied until they have accepted your proposition. That is your task."

"I—I will do it," said John Verner. "Yes—yes, I see!"

"Good," said Normanby. "Your influence, joined with Sir Edward's, must carry the vote, and if you fulfil your promise I shall be before the end of this month Member for Deane Hollow."

"You shall, you shall!" said John Verner, holding out his hand.

Normanby placed his in it, and smiled.

"Come then," he said. "The carriage is waiting—you must not be late." And, linking his arm within that of his victim, he led him downstairs.

Very pale and stern, with trembling lips, John Verner entered his well-appointed chariot.

"And what will you do to amuse yourself, my dear Normanby?" he said.

"Dry myself, take a bottle of your exquisite Burgundy, until your cook can send up the little dinner you were kind enough to ask me to order, and then smoke a cigar over a bottle of Yquem. Adieu, and a pleasant evening."

And he waved his white hand with a charming smile as John Verner dropped back in the carriage with clenched teeth and raging heart.

The dinner was in full swing and the party in the height of enjoyment. One would have thought that politics were many miles away, so pleasantly did the conversation, the wit, and the well-bred laughter run round the table.

At the head sat Sir Edward, more like himself than he had been for many months, his noble, high-bred face, set in its wreath of white hair, full of geniality, his voice musical with kindness and good will.

At the other end sat Olive, the most beautiful and graceful of her sex, happy for to-night in her father's happiness.

The table groaned beneath the massive plate, servants, well trained, kept the machinery of ministrations noiselessly in motion, the subdued, clear light of the silver candelabras gave brilliancy to the scene, and all seemed bright and happy and full of enjoyment.

All save one, for care and rage and disappointment sat monarch in John Verner's heart, and at each moment the thought of the sacrifice that was forced on him, his avaricious, ambitious spirit goaded him to the point of madness.

Contrary to his usual caution, he drank heavily, and with a thirst which seemed to burn him like fire.

As the conversation grew heightened his head seemed to swim, and a courage which had been growing steadily since the wine mounted to his brain, gradually assumed an influence.

The ladies rose and passed out, a brilliant glittering bevy.

Then gaps in the table were closed up, and a sudden pause proclaimed that an engrossing topic was at hand.

Conversation veered round to the gossip of the day, and politics suddenly became the general subject.

Names were bandied about as those of likely candidates, opinions were passed, but all looked towards the head of the table, where Sir Edward, self-

possessed and composed, was talking to a Cabinet minister.

"Lord Craven?" he said. "Alas, he is nowhere to be found. You know him too well to need any assurance that he would be the man of our choice; it is impossible to say where he is or when he may return."

"Strange creature," said the Cabinet minister. "And no one, you say, has a clue to his whereabouts."

"No one," said Sir Edward. "I saw him last at Lady Prettywell's ball, and he said nothing to me of leaving England; indeed, from what I could gather from his tone I should have been ready to declare my hope that he had settled here."

"And he started soon after that?"

"Vanished like a ghost," said Sir Edward, "leaving no word of his intended destination or his future plans, and no explanation for his sudden departure."

"Strange," said the minister. "But he is gone, and there is no help for it. And now we fix, I suppose, upon the next eligible?"

"And that is—you shall hear."

And, with a happy smile, the old man rose.

There was a sudden hush, and then, in clear, well-bred accents, Sir Edward proposed that they should request Morgan Verner to stand as candidate.

In a few well-chosen words he spoke of him as the son of his dear friend and as heir to a large estate and influence, and after setting forth his hope that, if accepted, he would be of service to his country, he sat down.

The minister rose and seconded the proposal, intimating that so much of formality was used because if chosen to-night by those who sat round him, the candidate was almost virtually elected, and then, after a graceful tribute to the host, sank into his chair.

All eyes were turned upon John Verner, and a solemn silence prevailed.

The silence was so deep that the rattle of the rain as it dashed against the windows could be heard, mingling with the groan of the wind.

With a sudden flash and glitter of the eye, John Verner rose and looked round him.

"Gentlemen," he said, in his harsh, grating voice, "the feelings with which I have listened to the terms in which you have proposed to confer so great an honour upon my son are too deep for expression. If I accept that great honour on behalf of my son—"

At that moment a curtain which covered one of the long windows directly opposite him was drawn slightly aside, and John Verner, looking up, saw the face of Normanby calmly regarding him with a smile of deadly import.

With a sharp cry, John Verner staggered and, clutching the table, sank into his seat, overturning a wine-glass as he did so.

There was an instant confusion, which was as quickly silenced by John Verner's rising again and holding up his hand.

With amazed and anxious faces the party regarded him with bated breath.

"That I dare not accept that trust and honour on his behalf you will readily admit when I explain. Gentlemen, my sudden indisposition is a serious disease of the heart which I am warned may end fatally at any moment. With this complaint lingering at hand, it would not be fitting that my son should be far from the duties at home. I beg, therefore, with the deepest gratitude, to decline, and I venture to propose as a substitute the name of one whom you all know as that of a gentleman whose talents peculiarly fit him for a political sphere. Mr. Normanby is known to us all—to the world of politics, and is a staunch supporter of our cause. I propose him with the confidence which his well-earned popularity entitles me to feel in the welcome with which you will receive his name."

There was a pause for a moment, half of surprise, half of doubt, then all turned to Sir Edward.

He hesitated a moment, a look of regret upon his face, then, true to his instincts, he rose and seconded it.

Five minutes afterwards Mr. Julius Normanby, the schemer and plotter, was accepted as the candidate for Deane Hollow.

John Verner's eye, glassy with emotions of hate and fear, were fixed on the curtain, which had now closed again, and he fancied that he could hear the silvery laugh which to him sounded like the chuckle of a triumphant fiend.

CHAPTER XLIII.

NEVER had Mr. Normanby shown to greater advantage than on the occasion of his address to the free and independent electors of the Borough.

He had received the invitation to stand as candidate with a surprise and modesty which were as graceful as they were false.

A dinner had been given at the Grange, and he had been asked down for an opportunity of making his return speech, and he had gone through it with that ease which had always distinguished him, and with a calm readiness which somewhat astonished his friends.

For Mr. Normanby, up to this time, had distinguished himself by the grace with which he had done nothing, but now it was discovered that he could make a clever speech, attack politics with tact and discretion, and show an aptitude for feeling the pulse of his constituents and backers, which augured well for his success in that arena where tact and diplomacy carry all before them.

If he laid himself out to win the good opinions of the many, he was more than particularly diligent in currying favour with the few, and laid an artful and well directed attack upon the prejudices of old Sir Edward, who at last, completely conquered by the good breeding and modesty of the candidate, was got to admit that after all Mr. Normanby was as suitable a member as Morgan Verner would have been.

All this time Morgan, under the plea of business, had kept in the background, but on the day of the election he made his appearance.

The first notice of his approach was received in the shape of a post-boy who rode ahead, and, chattering at the Town Hall, declared that he had seen the young squire driving a coach full of gentlemen, and that it was coming along like a fire-engine.

The news was soon verified by the appearance of four splendid horses, drawing a new and well-fitted drag, which was loaded with Morgan's friends.

He had been expected to bring a few with him, and he had taken advantage of his father's permission to invite a party which, though of congenial tastes to his, soon promised to hamper the movements at the Grange pretty considerably.

With a flourish from a horn the drag dashed up to "The Bull," and Mr. Morgan, sitting his whip to a groom, dismounted, followed by his friends.

"Is my father here?" he asked.

"At the Town Hall, sir," replied the landlord. "To-day's election day, and Mr. Normanby is just being returned."

Morgan nodded.

"We'll go on to the Grange then. Give the horses a wipe round, and bring some brandy and soda."

The landlord bustled about, and the liquids were soon in the hands of the gentlemen, some of them having that unmistakable appearance which proclaimed fondness for imbibitions.

Flags were flying in the town, and there was a general stir and commotion.

One flag bore Mr. Normanby's name in large letters, and as they drove under this Morgan Verner's red face grew sullen.

"A rum thing, old Normanby going in for Parliament, Morgan," said his friend, Captain Raffles, a dissolute-looking individual who had amused himself with a pen-shooter during the journey from town. "Wonder you didn't go in for it yourself."

"Didn't care about it," responded Morgan, with an oath. "Too much bother."

"Right you are," said another. "What's the use of worrying. Is that your place?"

"Yes, that's it," said Morgan, pointing his whip at the Grange, towards which the eyes of his fast friends were directed. "Jolly old place, isn't it? Liberty Hall, you know—do as you like and enjoy yourselves." And he laughed.

"And whose place is this?" said Captain Raffles, as they dashed by the entrance-gates to Dingley Hall.

"That's Dingley Hall," replied Morgan, with a boastful air; "and that'll be mine some day, Raf."

"Ah, lucky dog," drawled the captain, fixing his eyeglass and staring at the venerable pile.

"I say, won't you make the coppers spin when you come in for all this?"

"Won't I!" said Morgan, and he cut the leader viciously. "I'll show you life then, Raf. Now, you fellows, hold tight, I'm going to take 'em in with a swing!"

And as the lodge gates were thrown open by the astonished keeper, the drag dashed in at a reckless pace.

"I say," whispered the captain, "didn't that pretty little beauty you had last season come from this quarter?"

"Hush," said Morgan, turning rather pale. "No, no, from quite a different part of the country. Hallo, Griley, how are you?" he said, calling out to Griley, who stood on the steps with his little eyes glancing

up at the crew on top of the drag rather viciously. "Here's some friends of mine; make 'em welcome, and see that they are put up comfortably."

Old Griley shuffled up with a bow or two, and an ugly smile.

"Glad to see you, Master Morgan!" then he whispered, "Heavens! Master Morgan, where did you get them? The house is nearly full already. What will the squire say?"

"Hang the squire!" responded Morgan, angrily. "Can't I ask a friend or two to my own place? Come on, old fellows. Griley, get some luncheon, and, I say, send up some of that Madeira," and followed by his friends, the heir to the Grange, and Olive Seymour's future husband, swaggered into the hall.

Old Griley, all of a tremble with anxiety and dismay, descended to the kitchen and ordered luncheon, and then limped back to the gate to meet his master, and prepare him for the influx of visitors.

In half an hour the Grange carriage drove up, and John Verner, talking to the high sheriff of the county, did not see old Griley, who, almost wringing his hands, made gestures of warning in vain.

Not in the best of humours—for Normanby had won, and was Member for Taloot—the squire entered the hall.

A burst of uproarious laughter greeted his ears, and his face darkened.

"What is this?" he asked, turning to the butler angrily.

"Mr. Morgan," muttered the man timidly.

John Verner strode to the door and pushed it open.

At the head of the table sat Morgan, and round him his London friends.

The Madeira had been brought and freely partaken of.

Cigars were lighted—a noisy, ill-bred clatter filled the room, and a dozen pair of eyes were directed with insolent stares at the master of the house.

Morgan rose.

"How do, sir—some friends of mine—Captain Raffles, Mr. Fleesey Gib, Major Stalky."

John Verner crimsoned, and seemed about to speak, but a hand was laid upon his arm, and a soft voice said in his ear:

"Youth, my dear sir, is proverbially indiscreet. He means no harm."

It was Mr. Normanby.

John Verner seemed checked, and smiled grimly.

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen," he said.

"Morgan, we expected you a week ago."

And with a smile which ill-concealed his anger, he shook hands with his hopeful son.

Room was made for the comers; fresh luncheon was served, but Morgan's party seemed rather ill at ease, and presently betook itself to the billiard room, from which great noise and laughter came in frequent bursts.

Before his guests John Verner could say nothing, but when the high sheriff and the rest of the townspeople had gone, he turned to Normanby, who was seated opposite him, with an angry scowl.

"Pray, sir, can you explain my son's conduct?"

Mr. Normanby shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I, my dear sir?" he said. "It is not unnatural that a young man so wealthy and so fortunate as my dear friend Morgan should like to show his friends the pleasant places in which his life is pitched."

"Badiage at an end, sir, what does this mean? Is this any part of some such elaborate plot which has made you a Member of Parliament and me a tool in your hands?"

"Softly, my dear sir, responded Mr. Normanby, with a smile. "I am not the only one who indulges in a little plot, and other people's plots are not so harmless as mine. But here comes Morgan, or I do not know his step. Best deal gently with him, or, like a restive young horse, he'll kick the traces. He is not the husband of Olive Seymour yet."

The hint seemed to take effect upon John Verner, and he smothered a passionate exclamation as Morgan entered the room.

"Well, Nor," he said, "quite the swell now. Guv'nor, Griley says the house is full, and I've sent over to Dingley Hall to ask the old man if he'll take some of my friends in."

John Verner's face grew purple.

"What do you mean, sir—what do you mean by making this house a barracks for all the disreputable rascals of London?"

"Easy, guv'nor," said Morgan. "They're quite swell enough for us, I'm sure. And it's hard lines if I can't ask a man or two. Why didn't you tell me—"

"Yes, I did—confound my imprudence! I might have known what base advantage you would take of it. The house is full, and—and—I will not have them here!"

"Right," said Morgan; "then they shall go back to town, and I'll go with them."

Normanby touched John Verner's foot warningly.

The father hesitated, flushed and paled.

"That's what I shall do," said Morgan, sullenly. "Who, do you suppose, is going to bury himself down here for three months, without a soul to speak to?"

"You have proper friends, sir," said John Verner. "There's the lady to whom you are engaged. If you were anything of a man—"

"I'd throw her up!" snarled Morgan, passionately. "Yes, I'd throw her up, but I'm tied hand and heels!" Here he shot an angry, venomous glance at Mr. Normanby. "She treats me like a dog! She hates me, and she's insulted me!—yes, insulted me. Am I to stand all this and dance attendance on her—go begging for the snubs and scornful looks she gives me every time I go near her? No, if I'm to stay down here and dawdle at her heels, I'll amuse myself."

"Room must be made for them," whispered Normanby.

"You—you are very headstrong," stammered John Verner. "But—but if your precious friends are so necessary to your comfort I'll see that—that they are accommodated, only, for Heaven's sake tell them to moderate their hilarity," he added, grinding his teeth. "I'll have the rooms over the stables got ready for them."

"Rooms over the stables be hanged!" retorted Morgan Verner, coarsely. "My friends aren't going to be put into a lot of grooms' rooms. No, they shall go to Dingley."

"To Dingley! Not if I have to sleep on the common to make room for them!" said John Verner.

"You're too late," answered Morgan, pulling out his watch. "The man is there by this time, and Sir Edward will take them in," he added, significantly.

"Perhaps you'd prefer that Sir Edward and Olive Seymour should see the kind of companions you choose for your delectation!" said John Verner, with passionate sarcasm.

"Perhaps I should," retorted Morgan Verner, with a malicious grin. "Perhaps my lady had better learn at once that I don't intend to be her pappy dog, to be kicked aside and held at arm's length. She's ready enough to take my money and marry me for it, and she shall entertain my friends!"

And with an insolent nod the amiable and high-spirited gentleman turned and swaggered out.

Morgan had spoken quite truly.

Inspired by half-drunken malice, he had hit upon the idea of sending word over to Dingley to ask Sir Edward to take in some of the Grange visitors, knowing that the baronet, who was hospitable to a fault, would gladly accede to the request, and thus inflict upon Olive the society of a noisy, dissipated crew, who would do something, Morgan thought, towards breaking her high spirit.

He had not counted upon Sir Edward's hospitable nature in vain.

"Tell your master," said Sir Edward to the groom, "that we shall be happy and honoured to receive as many of his friends as he can spare us, and take my regards to Mr. Morgan and say that we expect him to make Dingley Hall his own."

The groom rode back helter skelter, as he had been commanded, and the next day Morgan Verner drove his friends over in the drag.

(To be Continued.)

DISCOVERY AT STOKE-UPON-TRENT.—Recently an interesting relic was discovered in the churchyard of the parish church of Stoke-upon-Trent. In digging a grave on or near the site of the church which was taken down when the present modern church was erected, the workmen came upon what is to all appearance the shaft of a churchyard cross of the eleventh century. It is quadrangular in shape, and the ornamentation bears a general resemblance to that of several other Norman crosses still existing in the country. On one side is a plain treatment of a trefoil leaf and stalk, on another a chain or ornament, on the third a gullecke, and on the fourth a "key pattern" of the simplest kind. The old church at Stoke had a roundheaded chancel arch and other indications of a Norman church having once existed, but the chancel, at the time of the removal of the church, was Early English, and the nave and tower were of considerably later date. The shaft has been dressed to form a door lintel, and it may fairly be inferred, from the position in which it was found, that it once formed the lintel of a priest's door in the south wall of the chancel.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

CHAPTER VI.

TRUE to his promise, Mr. Bathurst presented himself at the hotel of his son at a very early hour upon the morning following the visit of young Elliot and Wolsey Bathurst to Banyan Villa.

Early as was the hour, the Calcutta world was all astir. People were moving in the streets, business was in progress, cabs were rattling to and fro, and the street cries of peripatetic vendors resounded on the cool morning air.

Young Bathurst stood at the open window of his sitting-room, staring down upon his father's luxurious equipage, when the latter knocked at his door.

Hearing no response, the merchant opened the door and entered.

As he did so his son wheeled about and advanced a few steps to meet him, greeting him with an odd, sardonic sort of smile.

"Where is Elliot?" inquired Mr. Bathurst, with a quick glance about the room. "Not up yet? Why this is the very best time for business in the entire twenty-four hours. Later the sun will be so hot and the air so deadly oppressive that everybody will be hounded and asleep until towards evening, when all get out again. You'd better arouse your friend—"

"Oh, he's been up these two hours," said Wolsey Bathurst, carelessly. "He's now somewhere now in a cab. I just came in myself!"

The merchant's face expressed a quick uneasiness.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I told you he was coming to see you early this morning, that I would make all the arrangements for your expedition."

"True, so you did; greatly obliged to you, I'm sure," said the son, with a drawing voice. "Take a seat," and he placed a chair. "Elliot went out on some little business of his own, and so did I, for that matter. I had a fancy to see your place of business and to make a few inquiries concerning your standing here; natural enough, you must confess, since, although I am your son, I know nothing whatever about you, and I have a son's interest in your prosperity!"

The last sentence seemed to the merchant to contain a double and threatening meaning. His yellow, puffy face flushed; his small, half-hidden eyes glittered like the eyes of a serpent about to strike his prey.

He controlled his evident anger with some effort, however, and said, calmly:

"Well, and what was the result of your inquiries?"

"About what I expected. I heard that you were one of the leading merchants of Calcutta, that you were immensely wealthy, and that you lived the life of a nabob."

"Outside show makes a great impression upon people," laughed the merchant, uneasily. "But, as you know, I am only an agent for other people—"

"As I don't know," interrupted Wolsey Bathurst, coolly. "You told me so, it is true; but, if I were to be entirely frank, I should declare to you that I don't believe a word of that pretence of yours—not one word!"

"You don't believe it?"

"I certainly do not. I believe that you, Thomas Bathurst, are the only member of your firm, that you personally own your magnificent business house, building, stock, furniture and all, as much as that you own your splendid villa at Garden Reach and the fine equipage below. And all your protestations to the contrary could never convince me that you do not."

"As you are so fixed in your belief, I shall make no protestations," said the merchant, calmly. "You have a right to your opinion, but permit me to tell you that, whether I have money or whether I have none, your interest in my prosperity will be of no avail to you. Whatever I possess, nothing that I own will ever come to you!"

"I do not see that. You are a widower, and I am your only son, consequently your heir," declared the young man, deliberately.

"I dare say the case looks to you that way," responded the merchant, with a sneer; "but I must say I take a different view of the matter. I know nothing about you. I have not seen you since your early childhood. I have never been consulted about your education. Your grandmother, Wolsey, my amiable mother-in-law, felt aggrieved because I married her daughter for her money, and fancied that I was cruel to my wife. I dare say I was. I repented my marriage and hated my wife. Consequently, Mrs. Wolsey, after her daughter's death, desired to

be left in undisturbed possession of her daughter's son, and I, not wishing to be encumbered by a child—I hate children—very willingly resigned you to her. But in doing so, I gave you up for ever. I have made no provision for your future. I cannot assist you in any way. Your new friend and kinsman, Lord Tregaron, may advance your interests, I cannot. I have made my will, and put you down in it for money enough to buy a mourning-ring. That's all you'll ever get from me!"

"You speak plainly. Permit me to ask what you intend to do with your fortune at your death?"

"I don't intend to die—not for many years yet. I am scarcely forty-five years of age, full of life and health, and vigour. I may spend all my money myself. I may outlive you!"

"You look as though your liver were badly affected," said Wolsey, bluntly. "That yellow complexion of yours is by no means a sign of health. So you have made your will? In whose favour, may I ask?"

"That is my business!"

Wolsey Bathurst eyed his father sharply.

"In the course of my inquiries this morning," he said, "I learned something that surprised me greatly, and which may account for your indifference to my prospects. There is a rumour that you contemplate a second marriage. Is this true?"

The merchant's yellow face actually grew pale for an instant. He started, and a quick alarm leaped to his eyes.

"I decline to answer that question," he replied, after some deliberation. "Nothing would be more natural than that I should marry again. I detested my wife. Still, I will not commit myself to any answer."

"My informant told me that the lady resides out of Calcutta, and that you visit her at long intervals," remarked Wolsey Bathurst, wondering at his father's agitation.

"Nonsense! Stuff and nonsense! Can't I make even a business trip without gossips seizing upon it?" cried the merchant, angrily. "You should not listen to such gossip."

"There must be something in it; your very agitation proves it. I don't doubt but that you contemplate a second marriage," said the young man, still regarding his father intently. "You and I have similar natures. We never forget—we never relinquish a purpose once formed. We do not find it easy to change—"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you showed last night that you had not forgotten the girl whom you loved twenty or more years ago, and who married your cousin, Captain Elliot! Her name has power to stir you still as no other name can. Agnes Elliot dead is more to you than any woman living. Look in the mirror. Your face is ghastly. Heavens! how you must have worshipped that woman! You will never forget her, that is certain. If you marry again you will not marry for love. If you take a wife, it will be to add money to your own—to obtain social recognition and influence—to better yourself in some way; but it will not be for love."

The colour came slowly drifting back into the puffy, pallid face of the merchant, but his son could see that he still trembled as if with an ague.

"I will not hear that name again," said Mr. Bathurst, huskily. "She is dead—she has been dead for thirteen years. Let her name and memory sleep."

"You were hard hit," remarked Wolsey. "Loving her as you did—being also the man you are—I wonder that you ever forgave Captain Elliot for winning her from you."

A strange, lurid, side-long glare shot from Bathurst's half-shut eyes as he heard these words.

The look was so tigerish—the slow smile that curled the thick, wide lips was so absolutely ferocious—that the son, having in him so much of the father's evil nature, yet recoiled before him as if he had been a sulphurous demon.

"Did I ever forgive him?" asked the merchant, softly, in a whisper.

"By Jove, no! Do you hate him like that? I wonder now that you never sought to be revenged upon him."

Again that stealthy, tigerish, side-long glare—again that ferocious smile.

"Why should I seek to avenge myself?" the merchant questioned. "Fate avenged me. His wife died of fever. A Sepoy stole the girl. Nugent Elliot, peer as he is, rich as he is, walks the earth to-day a desolate man. Am I not avenged?"

"Had you a hand in the stealing of the child?" cried Wolsey, struck with a sudden idea.

"None whatever," and the son knew that his father spoke the truth. "That was Topee's work. I had no hand in the misfortunes that overtook Nugent Elliot. His wife died—I had no hand in that. His

child was stolen from him, and I was as amazed as he. It was the work of an untoward destiny. But let us speak of your affairs. This Armand Elliot is Lord Tregaron's heir, is he?"

"Heir to the title and entailed estates. But there is a vast outside property which the earl can dispose of by will. If I find his daughter and restore her to him, he will pay over to me his own Elliot inheritance, and give me a deed of his estate of Longmead, in Cornwall."

"A glorious prize. I don't wonder that you went in for it. I hope you'll win it—and be independent of any hopes from this quarter. But if the girl is found, what will she have for her portion?"

"The prize which the earl offers me is the property he derived from his father. Elliot will take the entailed estates. Outside all this is a vast personal property which the earl received with his title, mining-shares, bank-shares, railway-shares, and what not, and these will go his daughter. She will be a very rich woman in her own right, as great an heiress as may be found in three English counties."

"Then I advise you to find her, if she be living, and unmarried, and make love to her. Take her to England as your wife, and possess her fortune with the one the earl promised you."

Wolsey smiled.

"I have already arrived at that resolve," he exclaimed. "I made up my mind to become the earl's son-in-law before I left England—provided that I can find the lady. Whatever she is, if she lives she is the Lady Katharine Elliot, daughter of the Earl of Tregaron, and her faults and shortcomings can easily be gilded over."

"If she lives." But I presume that she is dead. To tell you the truth, Wolsey, I have made a very thorough search for her, but I found no trace of her. I offered a great reward for her recovery, but no one came to claim it."

"What was your object? Did you intend to restore her to her father?"

"It was many years ago—directly after Elliot was sent to England invalided. I forgot what my object was. I presume it was a sort of pity for the poor little creature. She was Agnes Elliot's child, and I had no hatred for her. But enough of this. My carriage is waiting. Let us go out and make our purchases for your expedition. You want horses, firearms—"

"We brought rifles and revolvers from England."

"There are stores to buy, a hundred things to do. I will engage the men to accompany you, and arrange so that you can get off at daybreak of the day after to-morrow."

The two descended to the carriage, entered it, and were driven to a business address, which Bathurst gave to the coachman.

Business was transacted expeditiously during the next hour, and they returned to the hotel by way of the Strand, seeing the Hoogly, which is a branch of the Ganges, all alive with small boats, among which the large ships and steamers which lay at anchor, or were made fast to the quays, looked like Leviathans among minnows.

The merchant accompanied his son up to the sitting-room.

Elliot had not yet returned.

After expressing some wonder at the young man's prolonged absence, Bathurst took his departure, enjoining his son to present himself, with his friend, at Banyan Villa in time for dinner.

"Artful old fox!" muttered the son, with filial respect, as he watched his father, pompous and consequential, re-enter his carriage, and drive away; "I unearthed his little secrets. He pretended to be poor, and he is rich. It's clear that he does not mean to do anything for me. And it's equally clear that he intends to be married. Whom does he intend to marry? Why does he keep the affair so shy? There's a mystery about him—a mystery in his life—that I would give much to fathom. If I had not this work on hand—if it would be as well to study him and spy on him as to search for the girl—gad, I'd try it."

The young man turned from the window and rang his bell energetically, ordering "tiffin," or lunch, with the air of an old resident.

Meanwhile, Armand Elliot had been busy, preparing for the expedition after his own fashion.

He had not been impressed with a liking for Mr. Thomas Bathurst.

It seemed to him that behind that yellow, puffy, mask-like face there lurked a treacherous nature. He was not inclined to submit himself explicitly to the guidance of the Calcutta merchant.

He distrusted him instinctively, and accordingly, upon leaving his hotel that morning, proceeded directly to the office of the chief of police, and requested an interview.

The functionary was in his inner office. Elliot sent in his card, with a pencilled message upon it, and the

chief replied through his subordinate by an invitation to enter.

Elliot went in.

The official, a keen, shrewd-faced Englishman, arose to meet him.

Within five minutes, our hero had stated his mission to India in succinct terms, and had come to the point of his visit, making inquiry after Topes, the Sepoy, the abductor of little Katharine Elliot.

"You might as well hunt for a needle in a haystack as to search through Hindostan for a single native," said the chief, shaking his head. "He might have changed his name, so that no clue to him would remain, even if he lives. Very probably he perished in the rebellion."

"And the child?"

"She doubtless perished from hardships. He might have killed her. These Hindoos have very little regard for human life. See how they tortured and put to death Englishwomen and children during the revolt. Still, as he did not kill her on the spot, as he might very well have done, it is natural to suppose that he preserved her for some more horrible fate!"

"Then she may be alive now?"

"She may. Victims of the Sepoy rebellion are being found still occasionally. Lately the wife of an English officer was discovered somewhere in the interior, so horribly mutilated, her nose being gone and eyes dug out, that she begged to be left in her obscurity, preferring that her friends should think her dead. And a year or two ago an English girl, the daughter of an officer who had been carried off by a Sepoy, was found married to her abductor, and so lost and degraded that her relatives would far rather she had perished, as so many others did, during the revolt. Stories crop up, now and then, of white captives among the Hindoos, but many of them are apocryphal. In my opinion, if Miss Elliot is still living, it would be better to leave her where she is. She will not be an object for a father's love and tenderness!"

"Mr. Bathurst gave me similar advice," said Elliot, with a sigh. "But I cannot act upon it."

"Mr. Bathurst? What Bathurst?"

"Thomas Bathurst, the great merchant."

"His advice ought to be good. He knows the country thoroughly," said the chief. "He makes trips into the interior and to the northward, and has made search—it was a dozen years ago—for this same girl. I recommend you to take his advice."

"I shall go to Shahjehanpore without unnecessary delay," responded Elliot, firmly. "Perhaps at that station I may get some trace of the Sepoy Topes. Some Sepoy may remain there who once knew him."

"The regiments stationed there in 1857 are at some new point at this time. And of those regiments but a small number—if any—of their original members remain. The native soldiers revolted in a body, and I am persuaded that you will not find this Topes. I will make no further effort, however, to dissuade you from your resolve. There is a bare possibility that the girl is living in some remote and lonely region among Topes's relatives, but if she is, she was long ago married. I will provide you with a good body-servant, Mr. Elliot, whom you can depend upon, should you desire me to do so. Many of the Hindoos are secret, subtle, and treacherous. The man I have in my mind is a Parsee, who speaks several languages fluently, who knows the northern country very thoroughly, who is trustworthy, honest, and reserved—in short, a natural detective, and one who has many times proved invaluable to me. I'd back him against the most skilled Bow Street officer in a case of peculiar mystery and intricacy."

Elliot expressed his desire to engage the services of this man.

The chief touched a hand-bell upon his table, and ordered Kalloo to be sent in.

The door again opened, and a tall, lithic Parsee, with bronze skin, and inkly air, and fierce moustache, dressed in white garments, and wearing sandals, came noiselessly in, bowing profoundly.

The chief rehearsed to him briefly Elliot's story, and told him what was wanted of him. Our hero studied the dark, inscrutable face, and made up his mind that Kalloo would be an invaluable assistant in the task before him.

"He's a sort of human blood-hound," he thought. "He'll find Topes, if the man lives. And he'll find the girl, too, if she's alive, or I am greatly mistaken."

Kalloo listened to the chief's narrative, and in turn studied the dark, handsome face of Elliot. Something in the clear olive skin and clear-cut features, something in the dark-blue eyes, so strangely winning, attracted the liking of the Parsee. He declared that he would guide the stranger whether he might choose to go, and that he would bend all his energies to the task of finding the lost girl.

But Elliot noticed that even he seemed to consider the task hopeless, or worse than hopeless.

"Help me to find her," exclaimed our hero, "and you may name your own reward."

"Will you give me five hundred sicca rupees?" inquired the Parsee, cautiously.

"He means the silver rupees of Calcutta," said the chief. "They are issued by the East India Company, and are of the value of two English shillings each."

"Find the young lady, Kalloo," cried Elliot, "and I will give you a thousand gold rupees!"

The Parsee's eyes glittered. A gold rupee of Bombay or Madras is worth twenty-nine shillings sterling. The offer seemed to him munificent, and his interest thus enlisted where his predilection was already engaged, he was ready to enter heart and soul into the proposed enterprise.

Elliot remained long enough to receive much good advice from the chief, and then departed, accompanied by Kalloo, to make certain purchases advised by the Parsee.

These preparations absorbed some time, and he returned to his hotel at last to find his kinsman enjoying the delights of an East Indian tiffin, and to hear that Mr. Bathurst had called, and that affairs had been put in train by the merchant for the speedy departure of the two young men into the interior.

Elliot then stated that he had engaged a Parsee servant to attend him personally, and that he had also made preparations for his journey.

Wolsey Bathurst regarded him moodily.

"We came out together, Elliot," he observed, "bound upon the same mission. Do you mean to separate from me now, and go your way alone?"

"By no means," returned Elliot, promptly. "Our plans agree. Let us keep together if you will, Bathurst. We cannot clash in any case. We are both anxious to find Miss Elliot. All I ask is to see her restored to her father, and if we both find her when together, you may be sure that Lord Tregaron will not forget to pay you the reward he promised you!"

Young Bathurst's lightning visage expressed his content. He preferred to have his kinsman under his own eye, and believed himself able to win the love of the earl's heiress even were Elliot at his side. He had a supreme confidence in his own craftiness, and a determination to achieve his purposes, whether by fair means or foul.

"I shall lose nothing by keeping close to Elliot," he thought, cunningly. "I can watch him while we both look for the girl. And if he gets in my way, why I can move him out of it, that's all! Among my servants and followers I mean to have at least one who would risk his own life and soul—if he has one—in my service! If Elliot's will clashes with mine, and his face darkened and became yet more evil in its expression, all the hidden wickedness of his soul leaping to his features, 'I'd no more scruple to take his life out here than I'd scruple to eat my dinner!'"

CHAPTER VII.

At a late hour of the afternoon, the Calcutta world awoke from its siesta, and the Strand and the Esplanade were alive with handsome carriages and equestrians. A breeze was blowing up the Hoogley from the sea, and the air was cool, fragrant and delicious.

Elliot and young Bathurst procured a carriage and joined in the promenade. As on the previous evening, they beheld finely-dressed ladies lolloping in their chariots, native princes and nabobs reclining at their ease in magnificent equipages, men and women on horseback, attended by their syces, and all the gaiety incident to the hour and place. And, as on the previous evening, they beheld among the equestrians Mr. Thomas Bathurst, yellow, puffy, and important, apparently a person of great consequence, in his own esteem at least.

He bowed to them as they moved on toward the Esplanade and Fort William, he proceeding in the opposite direction.

They went on past the fort, made a circuit of the race ground, and slowly returned upon the Esplanade toward the Strand, mingling with the human current pouring in that direction.

Mr. Bathurst passed them again, his horse caroling and plunging, and pursued his course homeward.

Presently their carriage also turned about and proceeded on its way to Garden Reach.

They found Banyan Villa softly lighted throughout its lower floor. One or two Chinese lanterns hung amid the branches of the trees. The great banyan tree, which gave its name to the villa, was a small forest of light.

The double gates swung open and gave them ad-

mittance into the grounds, and they alighted at the side of the wide pavilion, where their host met them, greeting them with effusive demonstrations of welcome.

They were shown into a luxurious drawing-room, from which they were presently invited to the dining-room. All the luxuries so dear to the East Indian palate were gathered at this table. Turtle soup and mango-fish, curried rice, and various other dishes, more or less hot with pepper and turmeric, were offered the guests, and after them came cooling fruits, rendered the more delightful by the courses that had preceded them.

There was a great display of crystal-painted porcelain and silver. The merchant had a vulgar love of ostentation, and in spite of his professions of poverty upon the preceding day, could not refrain from exhibiting his treasures to Lord Tregaron's heir.

The guests remained until late, and then returned to their hotel.

Elliot found the Parsee Kalloo waiting for him in his chamber. The man performed the duties of a servant gravely and quite as a matter of course. He was secret and subtle as any Oriental, and preferred to mask his quality of detective and guide under the humble seeming of a valet.

He reported to Elliot that he had spent the day in the suburbs of Sealdah and Simleah, where the squalid huts of natives were interspersed with costly residences, and where he had hoped to come upon some veteran Sepoys who had survived the war of rebellion, and were now employed as labourers, but his efforts had been in vain.

Kalloo retired to his own lodgings when his report had been made, but made his appearance promptly on the following morning.

Elliot confided to him his arrangements for the journey, soliciting his advice, and placing in his hands a sum of money sufficient for his purposes.

Upon this morning, also, Mr. Bathurst called, but Elliot had gone out. The merchant seemed annoyed on learning that Elliot had engaged a servant to attend upon him, but to all his questionings his son could return him no answer. Elliot had not mentioned his visit to the chief of police, nor informed his kinsman of the real character of Kalloo.

"It's all right, I daresay," declared Mr. Bathurst, after a little, his brow clearing. "The natives are very much alike. I have engaged half-a-dozen men to attend you as guides and servants. They know the country thoroughly, and have been in my own employ so long that I can trust them. Still, if young Elliot chooses to engage an army, one cannot advise him to the contrary."

Upon this day Kalloo spent his time in the northern portion of the city, which is occupied entirely by natives of the lower classes. Here, amid the bazaars, above which are the dwellings, among a half-naked and squalid population, amid discordant noises and foul odours, he prosecuted his search for some survivor of the native regiments of the time of the revolt. He found many, but not one who had known Topes.

All the preparations for the journey were completed on this day.

And at an early hour of the following morning Mr. Elliot and Wolsey Bathurst embarked in the railway train for Cawnpore. Their half-dozen attendants, with the exception of Kalloo, who seemed to regard his young employer as his especial charge, and who refused to be separated from him, were ordered to follow by a luggage train, with the horses and stores, which it had been thought wise to procure in Calcutta.

From Cawnpore the journey was to be made on horseback to Shahjehanpore.

Upon the evening of the fourth day after leaving Calcutta the party was reunited at Cawnpore. And upon the second day thereafter they were all in the saddle and on their way to the post where Captain Elliot had been stationed.

They prosecuted their journey in the cool of the morning and evening, halting at midday in groves or in the edge of cool jungles, and at night spreading their tents.

The march to Shahjehanpore was made leisurely. Kalloo was secretly the leader of the expedition, although one of the Hindoos, Pantab, a sleek, black fellow, with a wide-spreading nose and slit-like eyes, a crafty fellow, assumed to know the country, and desired to act as leader of the expedition.

Pantab and Kalloo became enemies upon the very first day of the march. The former sought opportunities to quarrel with the latter, and was often so offensive in his words and actions that blows resulted.

Wolsey Bathurst took the part of Pantab without inquiry into the disputes, and upon the third day

after leaving Cawnpore pursued the adversary of his father's servant to so great an extent as to call Kalloo a dog, and to strike him with his riding-whip, raising a livid welt upon the Parsee's cheek.

The man paused and looked upon him with eyes glittering with deadly hatred.

Young Bathurst had gratuitously bestowed upon him an insult which he could never forget nor forgive.

He clenched his fists, and his breath came hissing through his shut teeth, from which his thin and livid lips were drawn tightly away, leaving them bare and looking like serpent's fangs.

Bathurst recoiled before him in terror.

The Parsee's lips writhed themselves into a horrible smile.

Bathurst had made an enemy that day who was destined to work him evil—an enemy more tireless than the patient tiger who tracks his prey by the trail of blood, more deadly than the hooded cobra who strikes his victim without warning.

Elliot came riding up briskly, inquiring what had happened.

Bathurst told him that the dog of a Parsee had put on airs to Puntab, who had ordered him to perform some menial service.

"Kalloo is right!" said Elliot, his eyes flashing. "He's my personal attendant, and not under the orders of Puntab, and if you don't keep your man off him and treat him properly, I shall withdraw from your company, Bathurst, and pursue my search by myself!"

Bathurst grew alarmed. He feared that if Elliot went by himself he might discover the prize, and he, Bathurst, would lose the promised reward. He hastened to make a sort of apology, and ordered Puntab to let the Parsee alone thereafter, but the mischief had been done. His half-apology did not appease the anger of the Parsee, who fell behind with his young employer, his face still bearing that livid scar, his eye still glittering like those of a wild beast, and his soul swelling with demoniac passions.

They arrived at Shahjehanpore and made their inquiries, but found no one who had ever known Topee. Kalloo, however, heard of some survivors of the Sepoy regiments, formerly stationed at that post, who were now residing at a little village a hundred miles to the northward, and it was resolved to seek them out.

They resumed their march, proceeding leisurely, as before.

They camped by flowing streams every night, India being intersected by innumerable rivers and water-courses, and one of them being found at an interval of every few miles.

They stopped at squalid native villages, where nakedness and starvation seemed to hold rule, despite the fact that the rich soil yielded bountifully of earth's choicest products and the rivers teemed with fish.

They skirted great, pathless jungles, from the depths of which at early nightfall, more than once, gleaming eyes peered out at them, and they traversed palm groves and the flower-strewn plain over which the rude road straggled.

They bestowed gifts sometimes upon the natives, they distributed a portion of their stores to the naked children who ran beside their horses crying piteously for alms, but no one offered to molest them.

Possibly the gleam of the rifles and other weapons warned the poor creatures that an attack upon the travellers would only bring harm upon themselves. Perhaps they were too greatly in awe of Englishmen. At any rate, whatever the reason, though they often appeared about the camps, they never stole even the smallest article, and were quiet and respectful in their demeanour.

The village of Lassa was finally reached.

It was situated in the midst of a plain, on the bank of a flowing river, and was surrounded by groves of mango and cocoa-palm trees.

The dwellings were wretched hovels for the most part.

There were a few bazaars, a few decent houses, with palm-thatched roofs, set in gardens, but the streets were narrow and filthy, a large number of the inhabitants nearly or quite naked, and a small army of parish-dogs that acted as scavengers, their services certainly being greatly needed.

The travellers halted by the river just outside the town, and picketed their horses and pitched their tents.

While they were proceeding with this occupation, the population of the town turned out, on masses, men, women, children, and dogs, and came out to visit them, some inspired by curiosity, some with a desire to hawk their trivial wares, and many to beg.

It was now early evening, and delightfully cool. The day had been extremely sultry. The month

was March, and the hot season had commenced, but neither Elliot nor Bathurst had suffered an hour's illness through the journey. They were both in excellent spirits, and proceeded to do the honours of their camp to their visitors.

Puntab and Kalloo went among the new-comers, the former full of noisy interrogatories, the latter apparently silent, but full of quiet watchfulness.

The visitors remained for two or three hours, and then straggled back to their village. When they were all gone, and the little group of tents, with the travellers in front of it, were alone under the golden glimmer of the stars—alone by the plain, by the river-side—Bathurst questioned Puntab loudly, demanding what he had learned.

"Nothing—nothing!" answered the sleek Hindoo. "I saw one or two who had been soldiers at Shahjehanpore in the time of the revolt, but not one had known Topee."

The Parsee strolled down by the river and escaped questioning.

But at a later hour, when Bathurst and the others slept, and Elliot, feeling wakeful, wandered also down to the river bank, Kalloo approached him and said in a low tone, keeping a watchful glance upon the tents:

"I have made two discoveries this day—two great discoveries!"

(To be continued.)

NOVEL CURE FOR LOVE.

A NEW and amusing cure for love has lately been found effective in a fashionable Parisian faubourg. The son of a wealthy nobleman became enamoured of his father's concierge (door-porter), and determined to marry. The aristocratic papa opposed, but moved at last by the despair of his son, gave his consent with the proviso that the smitten youth should go to sea for twelve months before the marriage. Shortly after his departure, the father, who had previously observed an embonpoint in the young intended, took her under his especial charge, gave her the most nourishing and succulent food and wines, forbade her to take exercise as unbecoming in his future daughter, and, in fact, stall-fed her to such an extent that when the enamoured swain returned from his year's voyage, he was horrified to find, instead of the slender, elegant girl he left, an immensely fat woman as big as two Albions rolled into one. Of course the ruse was successful, and the unfortunate victim of good cheer has been pensioned off.

NEW ACT ON TRADE MARKS.

AN Act of Parliament has been printed to amend the law on trade marks, as contained in the statute passed last year. By that Act the time of registration was limited to the 1st of July in the present year. It is now recited that by reason of the number of trade marks, and especially by reason of the difficulties attending the registration of trade marks in relation to textile fabrics, it has been found impossible to complete the registration of trade marks within the specified period, and it is now extended to the 1st of July next. It is provided that "from and after the 1st of July, 1877, a person shall not be entitled to institute any proceedings to prevent or to recover damages for the infringement of any trade mark as defined by the principal Act until and unless with respect to any device, mark, name, combination of words, or matter or thing in use as a trade mark before the passing of the principal Act, registration thereof as a trade mark under the principal Act shall have been refused as hereinafter is mentioned." A certificate of refusal is to be obtained from the registrar, and to be deemed exclusive evidence of refusal to register.

THE ANGLER'S MONTH.—Wherever creek flows in this goodly land, you can find some man vexing the water of the placid stream with a baited hook, while his wife is taking care of the children and vexing the turbid waters of a washtub to buy his supper. We can comprehend that the yellow dog lives a life of usefulness, and we can be at times impressed with the grandeur and sublimity of a sand fly's career, but when we begin to wonder for what the good Lord made a man who can sit in the sun all day and fish from the same log six days in the week, we find ourselves drifting rapidly toward atheism.

MR. BURNETTE'S TEST.

THE day was yet young when a traveller left the train at the little platform at Norton, and leaving directions about his baggage with the baggage-master, sauntered leisurely up the dusty road. He had engaged summer-board by letter, and was seeking his destination.

"Straight ahead till you come to it."

This was the station-master's direction. So straight ahead Lucien Gaylord proceeded, till he paused to look at a "tableau vivant," framed in flowering vines.

A girl, seated upon a shady porch, shelling peas. Her broad hat was pushed back, leaving exposed a face purely oval, delicate-featured, creamy of complexion, with brown eyes, and golden hair drawn simply back in waving bands, to fall in clustering curls around her slender throat.

Most unlike rustic beauty was the high-bred face, the slender white hands, the self-possessed pose, but yet the dress was a quiet, brown calico, with white apron, with ruffles and cuffs.

While Lucien Gaylord looked at her, she lifted her eyes, and saw him.

He raised his hat, asking:

"Can you direct me to Miss Strong's?"

"It is here," was the answer.

And opening the gate, Lucien entered, mentally concluding that the silvery, sweet voice was as deliciously refined as the face.

"I am Lucien Gaylord," he said, by way of introduction.

"My Aunt Maria's new boarder. You had better rest upon the porch before I call her. It is a tiresome, sunny walk from the station."

Perfectly easy, with just sufficient cordiality in the tone of welcome, Lucien accepted the invitation, and started a conversation, watching the dainty fingers shelling peas, with a touch that was light, yet firm. Miss Strong appeared presently, and took her new boarder to his room, asking her niece to carry her pan to the kitchen.

"For we will give you an early dinner after your long walk," she said, hospitably, bustling about to bring cool water and fresh towels; "you sent your trunk? I will have it brought up as soon as it comes."

"May," she told her niece, "he is a gentleman, every inch of him, and handsome as a picture."

"I like his manner," May answered, washing her peas at the sink. "Shall I make a custard, auntie?"

"If you will, dear. Oh, dear! to think of Cynthia taking this day, of all others, to act so!"

For Cynthia, the only servant, had been detected in the fact of passing spoons from the kitchen window to a villanous-looking tramp, and the pair had been handed over to the village constable, which accounted for the fact that May was installed assistant cook, till such times as Cynthia could be replaced.

"And nobody knows when that will be," said Miss Strong, "for servants at Norton are scarcer than old gold."

None appearing to replace the thievish Cynthia, May was often found in the kitchen, not very efficient, but willing, and succeeding in many culinary triumphs by obeying orders.

"I'll make a good cook of you yet," her aunt often told her.

And she laughed merrily at the hope.

But Lucien Gaylord, enjoying a brief summer holiday, often wished heartily that he might be permitted to live upon bread and milk, if by so doing he could keep May out of the kitchen.

Whenever she was free she found him waiting for her; and they rested upon the porch, or walked in shady lanes, chatting pleasantly, gradually going beyond surface talk, mutually interested and pleased to find so much sympathy of thought and feeling that time sped only too swiftly when they were together.

It puzzled Lucien often to find absolutely nothing of rustic awkwardness in this lovely girl, who was self-possessed and graceful as if bred in the highest society.

She was reticent about herself, but very frank about her duties as cook and assistant in the house.

Having nothing to hide, Lucien soon unfolded his own life to her, won by her gentle sympathy and evident interest.

He told her of his boyhood with a wealthy father, who died suddenly, leaving nothing of a once handsome fortune; of his mother who sank soon under the pressure of sorrow and poverty; of his own position as a clerk in a wholesale dry-goods house, upon a small salary.

Often he told her of the dreams his father's death had scattered, the hope of being a great lawyer, or an author, moving the world by his pen. Yet he was

bravely cheerful, hoping to conquer fortune by perseverance and energy.

Not until they were fast friends did he tell her all this, and a little later he told her of a new dream, a new hope, a love death only could destroy.

"Will you let me take back to my drudgery the hope that if I can conquer fortune, you will come to share it?" he asked. "Will you be my wife, love, in that future when I hope to gather about me at least comfort for a home?"

He had wooed her in a straightforward, manly fashion, and she was not surprised. She put her hand in his, promising all he asked.

He went back to his desk in the autumn, but only a week later was offered a better position in the counting-house of the great merchant prince, John Burnette.

"It is so strange," he wrote to May, "Mr. Burnette himself seems interested in me, though I am an entire stranger to him. He watches me, and promotes me rapidly, seemingly pleased with all I do. Darling, if this continues, our home will soon be secure!"

It did continue.

Mr. Burnette, a man of grave, reserved presence, seemed inspired by some deep interest in his new clerk.

He watched him keenly, moving him from department to department in his vast business, till he had some insight into every branch. He gave him confidential business to transact, and put him in his counting-house.

And Lucien, working ever for May, strove to meet every demand made upon his brains and hands, giving every new branch of the business the closest attention, and straining every power to repay faithfully the confidence reposed in him.

Nearly two years had passed, when one morning Mr. Burnette called Lucien into his private office, closing the door after him.

"I am about to make a strange disclosure to you," he said, gravely, "and you must weigh well what I say to you. Up to this time you have known me only as a business man; to-day I speak to you as a friend. I am a rich man, but I have few friends, Lucien Gaylord. Shall I count you as one?"

"You honour me," he faltered, overwhelmed with surprise.

"I am a father," Mr. Burnette said, "and my only child is a daughter, whose future has been to me a subject of deep, prayerful anxiety. I have feared that when I die, the wealth I have would make her the wife of some plausible fortune-hunter. I have feared that my business would fall to ruin in incompetent hands. Often I have hoped to meet, at some time, an honourable, upright man, to whom I could teach the secret of my success, and who might succeed to my business. I have prayed that when I die, I might leave my child under the protecting care of a husband, who had not sought her for her wealth, a man of pure heart and firm principle. Lucien Gaylord, I have found the man I sought. To-day you will dine with me, and be introduced to Miss Burnette."

"I?"

The cry broke from Lucien's lips in such utter amazement, that he thought he must dream, or his employer was insane.

"You?" was the quiet answer.

"But it is all impossible," Lucien said, slowly regaining his self-possession.

"Impossible? Why so, if I am willing?"

"You will think me ungrateful, presumptuous, but I cannot accede to your noble, generous plan. Faithful service, true friendship, I can give you gladly, but you must seek another heir, another son-in-law. I am not fit."

"You refuse my daughter?"

"I have given my love and won a heart I could never betray."

"May I ask where?"

"My promised wife is no heiress, but a simple country maiden, lovely and gentle. I will not weary you, sir, with a lover's praise, but you will let me say that I have worked for two years, with the hope of winning some position that will enable me to offer a home to my wife. If you will put me in such a situation, you will win my warmest gratitude, but I must not think again of the dazzling offer you have made me."

"You refuse to be my son-in-law—my heir?"

"I refuse any offer that makes me a traitor to a pure heart that trusts me."

"It makes it harder to give you up. But if I must, at least accept my invitation to dinner, and my friendship."

"Gladly, gratefully!"

"At six, then, I shall expect you."

Was he awake?

Lucien asked himself the question more than once, as he pored over his ledgers, added long columns of figures, and wrote business letters.

Had John Burnette, the millionaire, really made him the magnificent proposals still ringing in his ears?

Were they both insane?

His head was still whirling as he dressed himself and walked to the splendid mansion, the rich merchant called his home.

Every luxury money could command met his eyes in the adornment of the wide drawing-room.

Pictures of priceless value hung upon the walls, rare statuary gleamed against velvet curtains, the visitor's feet sank deep in richest carpets, and odours of choice exotics filled the air.

Had all this really been placed within his grasp? He was still musing of this, when Mr. Burnette himself crossed the room.

"Have you thought better of your refusal?" he asked.

"I can only repeat it, sir! My heart, my love, are no longer at my disposal."

There was a rustle of silk upon the rich carpet, a lady advancing, dressed in abrumbling, lustrous silks, with rare jewels in her hair and upon her wrists. A lady with soft brown eyes and golden curls, who was introduced as:

"My daughter Mabel, Mr. Gaylord!"

But who was surely, surely, May, his own May, niece of Maria Strong, who took summer boarders in a small country village.

Mr. Burnette had disappeared when Lucien moved his wondering eyes upon May's face, and only the lady of his true love remained.

"You will forgive me, Lucien," she said, drawing him to a seat beside her upon a sofa, "if you think I have deceived you, when I tell you how all happened. My father spoke only the truth this morning, when he told you my future was the only anxiety of his life. I cannot tell you his worshipping love for me! When I returned from Norton, I told him of your love for me, my promise to you. Knowing you loved me for myself alone, with no knowledge of my position or fortune, I begged my father to send for you at once, and tell you the truth. But next to his child, my father loves the business he has built up by his own energy and talent. He wished to be sure that it would not be ruined in the hands of his son-in-law, and I consented to his test of your capacity. It is no small compliment, Lucien, for him to tell me he is thoroughly satisfied, willing to trust the future of both his child and his business to you."

"But, May, are you not Miss Strong's niece?"

"I am. She is my mother's sister. Every summer I spent some weeks in Norton. Still I never have performed any menial work there, excepting during your visit, when there was no servant. My aunt has never left her home, and I take no flattery to Norton, so that she does not at all realise how different my life is here from my life with her."

"And you, who must see so many suitors, were willing to give me the treasure of your love?"

"Ah, Lucien, love is a tyrant! He took us both under his reign those summer days at Norton, when I was writing to papa of Aunt Maria's boarder, and he was hoping and fearing for me. But come now to the library, and tell him you have reconsidered his offer, and will marry that unknown lady you refused so positively only this morning."

"Was that another test, May?"

"Not of my seeking. I knew nothing of it till papa told me an hour ago, bidding me put on my most captivating dress, to punish you for your refusal of my hand and fortune, by winning your heart against your will."

There was surely a saucy triumph in May's tone, deserving of the severe censure of Lucien's warmest kiss, so he must not be blamed for giving such punishment. Mr. Burnette, too, was mischievously fond of referring to that momentous interview, after heartily accepting Lucien's consent to all his plans.

But he has not yet regretted his offer, nor the position he has given Lucien of full partner in his lucrative business, while every hope of his loving heart is gratified by the home happiness of Mabel, who remains with him, Lucien gladly accepting the proposal to form one family. There are two rosy children in the grand nursery, and already the fifth anniversary of May's wedding day has passed, but there has been no regret yet in the happy home, at the result of Mr. Burnette's Test.

THE SOAP MINES OF CALIFORNIA.

THE rock soap mine is situated in the lower mountains or foothills of the coast range in Ventura county, five miles from the city of the same name. It was discovered by A. F. Hubbard while prospecting for coal. He accidentally dislodged some that fell into water and dissolved. It being a new experience to see rock dissolve, he gave it his attention,

found it soapy, took it home to experiment with, and soon learned its virtues; yet, strange to tell, his family used it for nearly a year before it was given to the public.

It is accessible only through a canon leading to and opening upon the beach. The coast line stage road passes the mouth of this canon three miles below the mine. This canon or ravine penetrates one of the wildest possible volcanic regions. A little stream follows its course, an almost 'lost cause' in summer, but in winter a raging, rushing torrent, which, after draining immense heights and many a rugged mountain side, finds its way to the ocean, often bearing along in its fearful strength huge boulders and entire trees. Along the side of this ravine, sometimes in the bed of the stream, sometimes high up in its precipitous banks, winds a little trail leading to the soap mine, travelled only by the safe pack mule and hardy miner.

The rock resembles chalk or lime. At the southern extremity is an extensive deposit, veined, marbled, and particled, resembling Castile soap. The ledge at its opening is fifteen to twenty feet wide, and crops out for 2,000 feet, to an unknown depth. The ledge is well defined, with wall rocks of hard slate stone, and has, in common with slate and sandstone strata about it, been thrown up from the depths and tamed completely on edge. In its vicinity is a mountain of gypsum, also turned up on edge, indeed, the whole country bears evidence of fearful convulsions, also of some time having lain peacefully at the bottom of the ocean; for on the highest mountain tops can be found nearly perfect sea shells and various specimens of marine matter.

THE STAR OF HIS DESTINY.

CHAPTER I.

On, on, soldiers! Be true to yourselves, to France and to your commander, and the splendid heritage of the Ptolemys is yours!"

Such were the few electric words which rang along the ranks of the French army, as they commenced their march through the land of vast deserts and green oases—the land of solemn pyramids, ruined temples, and mysterious hieroglyphs—the land of the storied Nile and the Red Sea—the land of the magic locust, the royal calls, and the feathery palm.

Like the pageantry of some brilliant masquerade, the troops of the great Napoleon moved forward, their faces flushed and eager, their epaulettes glittering in the sunshine—the step of each soldier firm and free, treading the coveted soil of the Infidel with the air of conquerors, and shouting, in response to their leader:

"Vive la France! Vive le Bonaparte! Death to the Moslem!" while many sang the stirring strains of La Marseillaise, the chorus:

"To arms, to arms, ye braves!"

ringing out like a battle-cry, a trumpet-call.

Among those troops might be seen the flower of the French nobility, and not a few soldiers of fortune, who had risen from some island-home more obscure than that which now owes its chief importance to having been the birthplace of the first Napoleon—the hero—whose star rose at the Bridge of Lodi, culminated when he was crowned emperor amid the curling incense of Notre Dame, and set on the ill-fated field of Waterloo.

Somewhat in advance of the soldiery rode the master-spirit of that day and hour, the man who would fain have gathered the world in his grasp, and seen its potentates bowing in homage to the fleur-de-lis of France.

Mounted on his noble war-horse, with his erect figure, his well-balanced head, and a face that bespoke power, will, purpose—his falcon eye swept the beautiful country before him, and plans, which might hitherto have been vague and shadowy, began to take a more solid basis.

How fair the land of the Ptolemys looked, with its vineyards and rice-fields, its luxuriant gardens, its domes and minarets, and far away the waters of the Nile, down which the dark-browed Cleopatra had drifted in her gorgeous state barges, with a Roman Emperor captive at her feet!

Now and then he saw a distant herdsmen watching his flock, or a boatman plying his oars through the deep channels by which the land is irrigated; or a woman at her distaff by the open door, and a flock of children peeping through the lattice, to catch a glimpse of the strangers, as, horse and foot, they wound past.

Antelopes bounded over the plains; graceful gazelles stood eating from white hands in the little courtyards attached to the dwellings, which, with



[THE GIFT OF THE ROSE.]

their lotus flowers, acacia trees and fountains, flashed out upon the soldiers like a bright, bright dream, and ever and anon the sound of hoof-beats startled the scarlet ibis, glowing amid the tall papyrus, as if a huge ruby had settled there.

Suddenly one of the soldiers gave a start, and grasping a comrade's arm, exclaimed:

"Look, mon ami, look!"

"Well, and what do you see—a squadron of Mamelukes speeding to meet us?"

"No, no," laughingly replied the young man, "nothing so formidable as that. Pray saw you ever a lovelier sight?"

As he spoke, he pointed to a fanciful Egyptian villa, suggesting ideas of dim galleries, polished floors, and chambers so cloudy with lace, and screened from the sunshine, as to wear a cool and airy aspect, even in that languid air.

The house was surrounded by gardens, filled with the splendours of Eastern bloom and verdure, and beyond these swept broad grounds, all aglow with roses.

They trailed over the white wall that enclosed the field, they draped the light trellis-work reared for their support, they drooped, heavy and fragrant, from tall shrubs which looked almost like forest trees—"a wilderness of gloom and beauty," filling the atmosphere for some distance with the most delicate perfumes.

But this enchanted ground was not solitary, like those West Indian groves, where eternal summer reigns, and the steps of the panther, the shrill cry of the parakeet calling to his mate, and the bewildering music of the mocking-birds alone break the silence; to and fro, to and fro, like humming-birds among the flowers, flitted the dark-eyed daughters of Egypt, plucking the roses, and heaping them into the pretty osier baskets slung across their arms.

"By my faith," cried the soldier, to whom Claude

Arnaud had spoken, "we must be entering fairy-land."

"Yes, yes," replied Arnaud, "and yonder is the fairy-queen. I have seen many beautiful women in our own France, but never before did such a dazzling vision flash upon me," and his glance wandered to a young girl who stood holding down a rose-branch, in an attitude worthy to have been copied by Raphael.

The soldier who had spoken, laughed lightly.

"Hast thou so soon forgotten the maiden we saw by the cottage in La Belle France? You remember where it was. The sun was going down, and she stood with one hand resting upon a table while she talked with a dame seated there, who might have been her mother. By my faith, it seems that you uttered words like those at that time."

"You mistake, most truthful sir. It was you who uttered them. I said she was beautiful, and so she was; but she could not wear the palm for a moment beside her who is here."

"Hark ye," observed a dragoman, whose parchment face and whole aspect told of many a long journey over the desert. "You are astonished not a little, but I can set you right. You are witnessing the harvest of roses, and a pleasant scene it makes. At a certain period, in Egypt, the roses are gathered, and borne away to be distilled into perfume."

"Ah!" responded Arnaud, "much as I have read with regard to Egypt since our present campaign was projected, I have not seen any account of this."

"It is an ancient custom," said the dragoman, and many old people adhere to it yet. The owner of the lands through which we are passing keeps the customs of his fathers."

"Pray, have you the pleasure of his acquaintance?" asked a young officer.

"No," replied the dragoman, with a significant

smile, "and therefore cannot bring about an introduction to the beautiful girl on whom your eyes are fixed."

"But who is she?" queried Arnaud, eagerly, "can you tell me that?"

"Yes, yes, I should be blind, deaf, and dumb, if during my travels across the country I had not seen the face before."

Forgetting the reserve peculiar to Eastern women, forgetting everything but his sudden interest in her, Arnaud dashed toward her, and soon gained the spot where she then stood. She was leaning over the white wall to grasp a wandering spray of rare roses, when the young Frenchman reined in his horse beside her.

"Lady," he murmured, "I am asking a great boon but you must pardon the liberty I take. Give me a rose gathered by your own fair hand, and I shall treasure it as a miser hoards his gold. Oh! I forgot—you do not understand my language, and I must resort to our dragoman to interpret my wish."

The girl hesitated an instant, ere she replied, in rather imperfect French:

"No, no, monsieur—my mistress has taught me French, that I might read to her; I—I understand you, and there can certainly be no harm in giving you a rose."

As she spoke, she held out the flower, blushing at the earnest, admiring gaze she encountered when their eyes met.

"A thousand thanks," said the young man, lifting it to his lips with genuine French gallantry; "I would sacrifice much for the privilege of a better acquaintance with you, and would linger near you, did not the fortunes of war call me onward. Though I am a stranger, and am here on a hostile campaign, I shall cherish your memory, and pray for your happiness, and if the hour ever comes, when you fly like a hunted gazelle before the victorious French, the sight of this rose, and the keepsake I offer you in return, shall bring you security and peace."

While he had been speaking, he had drawn off his glove, disclosing a ring bearing the arms of a noble French house, surrounded by a minute setting of jewels.

"Will you take this, dear lady?" he continued, extending the ring.

Again the girl hesitated, the crimson coming and going on her bright, young face, and her eyelids, drooping with more than Eastern reserve.

"I fear I ought not to accept it," she faltered, averting her head.

"Nay, do not refuse it. On the honour of a knight and a gentleman I assure you that you may receive it, not as a gage d'amour, though I wish it were, but as a pledge of friendship, which would not forsake you in the time of need."

Zoe glanced at the troops, and the hero of so many battles riding in advance, and murmured:

"Your motives must be generous, monsieur. The day may dawn when I shall be homeless and friendless, and then your gift may be of service."

Claude Arnaud grasped her hand, placed the ring upon the slender finger, which trembled at his touch, and, again lifting the little hand to his lips, rode back to join the troops.

His comrades greeted him with a perfect storm of badinage, but his manner soon silenced them, for it made him restless and ill at ease to hear that name handed about in idle gossip.

He drew forth a small diary he always carried with him, and, securing the rose among its leaves, replaced it beneath the holsters of his saddle.

He had just reached the troops when a shriek echoed out with startling distinctness, followed by a succession of cries, some shrill and full of supplicating eagerness and others half smothered with fear.

"Sacre!" muttered Arnaud, "what has happened? I hope nothing has befallen the beautiful Zoe, but I cannot ride on till I see for myself." And, suiting the action to the word, he urged his steed toward the field he had left not long before.

Zoe had disappeared, and her companions had dropped their baskets and forsaken their tasks, the roses were trampled as if by horses' feet, and the maidens who had been so blithe and gay crouched down here and there in a terrible dread.

"Where is Zoe?" said Arnaud.

The strangers could give no answer save to point to the westward, and, gazing in the direction indicated, the young man perceived a Mameluke warrior sweeping with wild speed across the beautiful reach of country lying between them and the Nile.

He rode an Arab steed of surpassing fleetness, and with his glittering cuirass, his red doublet and turban, his sabre and javelin, and the long white plume streaming in the wind, seemed like the Saracens who fought and died long ago in the memorable Crusades.

"A Mameluke has borne off the prize," he said, aloud, and then paused, a new train of thought flashing through his brain, and giving him, though a mere stranger, a pang which taught him how deeply the fair Egyptian had enthralled him.

"Nay, nay," he resumed; "I am an idiot to think for an instant that this Zoe had planned an elopement with you, Mameluke, who might have dazzled her with promises of wealth and rank, and I will start in pursuit."

"Go, go," exclaimed one of the maidens, still crouching amid the roses. "Zoe has told me sufficient of your foreign tongue for me to comprehend you. She hates the Mamelukes. Fly—fly!"

Claude Arnaud waited to hear no more, but, wheeling his horse, followed the warrior.

His steed was an Arabian, and had been imported at a great cost, but for a time the young rider feared his pursuit was hopeless.

Away, away swept the Mameluke, almost with the speed of wings, and on, on flew the gallant soldier. At length he caught a glimpse of Zoe's face, white and rigid with fear—she looked little like the laughing girl who had been harvesting roses an hour previous.

Suddenly, however, her voice struck his ear, ringing on the wind in a pathos he had never heard equalled.

"Save me, save me—as you hope for Heaven save me!"

"Take heart, lady," cried Arnaud, in reply. "I would spill my last drop of blood in your defence!"

The Mameluke gave a shout of derision and laughed mockingly, holding his treasure with a firmer grasp.

Finally the warrior reached a deep ravine, from which the water had dried away, leaving sharp rocks in its channel.

"Now, now," exclaimed the Mameluke, spurring his horse madly forward, "one good leap and we are safe from that accursed wretch!"

The steed was just ready for the bound which was to place him beyond the reach of the foe when a French ball buried itself in his side and he fell into the chasm.

There are moments when the weakest are brave and strong, and, inspired by a new courage, Zoe sprang from the arms, which were relaxing their grasp, hoping to reach the opposite brink of the ravine. But the veil she had worn in the rose gardens became entangled in a shrub, and she sank down, and would have been lost in the abyss below had not Arnaud snatched her from her perilous position and borne her to the shadow of an acacia tree hard by, where he exerted every effort to restore her waning consciousness.

"Lady," he whispered, when the dark eyes opened and fixed on him with a world of meaning in their dusky depths, "you are safe—the Mameluke will harm you no more."

At these words the girl's lips were unsealed, and she overwhelmed the young man with her thanks, and it was a brilliantly beautiful face which smiled on him as he bore her back to the home from which she had been wrested.

As they approached the fanciful dwelling, Claude Arnaud said:

"Lady, you do not appear like a stranger—it seems as if I had known you for years, and yet scarcely two hours have passed since I saw you among the roses."

"And you," rejoined the girl; "hereafter, when the harvest of roses comes, I shall always think of you and offer up my prayers to Allah in your behalf."

"Blessings on you—it will be hard to leave you; but a French soldier's duty is to follow the banners of France, wherever they go. Adieu—keep my ring as sacredly as I shall your rose."

The next moment they stood in the presence of Zoe's benefactress, and leading the girl to her, Arnaud said:

"I have restored your treasure—guard her well so that I may hope to meet her again."

The woman bowed; and without another parting word, Arnaud mounted his horse and rode away to overtake the troops, who were considerably in advance.

"That was a wild chase," observed the dragoman, as Arnaud resumed his place among the soldiery; "and as I live, you showed a right brave spirit; the warrior from whom you rescued Zoe is one of the most formidable Mamelukes in Egypt, and you hazarded much in following him."

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed the young man, "I would stake my life for the beautiful Zoe; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that she will no longer suffer from his odious and persistent love-making. I left him and his fiery steed dead in the

bottom of the ravine;" and he proceeded to relate how the wounded horse and his foiled rider had sunk into the rocky channel.

The grave dragoman smiled, uttered a few words of commendation, and relapsed into the profound silence from which Arnaud's return had aroused him.

His comrades again attempted to rally him, and begged for a sight of the precious rose; and Jean Duchene, the comrade who had sneered at his stooping to such a poor and unknown girl, could not refrain from another taunt at his mad escapade; for he remembered one in distant France, young, fair, high-born, who had staked her whole chances of happiness on the risk of winning Arnaud's love.

Hours wore on, and the armies bivouacked within a short distance of Alexandria. Camp-fires were kindled, coffee made, rations distributed, and guards posted.

Napoleon paced to and fro, silent and thoughtful above him arched the dreamy Eastern sky, spangled with stars, and wearing the pale splendour of the moon which drifted on through the blue ether, like the Hindoo maiden's love-lighted barque over the sacred waters of the Ganges.

The wind had rocked the drowsy flowers to sleep, the birds slumbered with folded wings, and the antelope bounded no more across the plain, but there was no rest for Napoleon the Conqueror.

His brain was busy, recalling his past successes and mapping out plans for his campaign in Egypt, and no doubt thinking of the noble woman who shared his brilliant destiny.

There was another who found no repose that night, and this Claude Arnaud.

He had flung himself down in his tent, but he could not rest; the bright, bewildering face of Zoe rose before him, and her voice echoed musically through the haunted chambers of his heart.

In his waking dreams he lived over the events of the day—the fairy land, where he had seen Zoe, the extreme peril from which it had been his fortune to rescue her, and their parting, when it seemed such a task to say the little word adieu.

Finally he started up and, striking a light, drew his note-book from the knapsack to which he had transferred it. Turning the leaves, he found the treasured rose, and wrote as follows:

"This has been an eventful day in my life, and I must not allow it to pass without a brief record. During our morning march, I met with a face to which no painter could do justice, however gifted—a face all smiles, and blushes, and dimples; a voice full of music; and a step like her pet gazelle's. While memory is faithful to her trust, the young stranger's image will haunt me; and if I should fall in our Egyptian campaign amid the wastes of the desert, I believe my last thought would be of Zoe. I have hitherto laughed at the idea of love at first sight, but am no longer a sceptic; and I cannot abandon the hope, though it seems chimerical in the extreme, that the girl I have rescued from her Mameluke lover may learn to smile on me. To Heaven's care I commit her, praying the Blessed Madonna to have her, the lady of my love, in her only keeping."

And Zoe—what of her? In the stillness of the night, she rose, and gliding through the dim gallery, ascended to the terrace, built upon the roof.

With eager eyes, she looked away in the direction whither the French troops had moved, trying to catch a glimpse of their fluttering pennons, or perhaps the glow of their watch-fires, but in vain.

Then with a strange, yearning tenderness in her bright, dark eyes, she gazed upon the ring, and dreamed of the giver, henceforth to be the star round which her thoughts revolved; like the satellites of the far-off planets, burning clear and steadfast in the sky.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning subsequent to the events narrated in the preceding chapter, the French troops resumed their march to Alexandria, the city where Cleopatra had reigned; with its double harbour, its Pharos; "and its grand old monuments."

The Turks, offended by this invasion by a country with whom they had hitherto been at peace, closed their gates, and manned their walls; but what opposition could they offer to the grand army, fresh from its Italian conquests, and thirsting for new victories?

The city walls were ruinous, and the chief weapons of the foe were musketry, and stones hurled down upon the assailants.

The French troops, led by the invincible Napoleon, soon forced their passage into the besieged city; and the Turks found themselves obliged to surrender.

The fort was stormed with extreme severity, and

the town given up to plunder for several hours. From this, Claude Arnaud turned away, for though attached to the grand army, and brave enough to have won his commander's warm approval, he always shrunk from such scenes, and felt a sense of relief when they marched against the Mamelukes. The route was up the Nile, and a small flotilla of gunboats ascended the river to protect the right wing; while the infantry trod the burning sands of the desert at some distance from the stream, and without a drop of water to quench their thirst.

The troops, brave as they were, gazed around them with horror and disgust, and sighed for the orange groves of Italy. Even officers like the bold Murat grew restless and impatient, and for a time it required all the strength and sagacity of their leader to preserve order.

To increase their embarrassment, the redoubtable Mamelukes began to appear on their swift steeds—and to Arnaud's surprise and dismay, he one day saw dashing towards him the warrior whom he had supposed dead in that distant ravine.

The horseman dashed across the desert, and reining in his steed within a short distance, shouted:

"Woe, woe to him who snatched the beautiful Zoe from me! By the beard of the Prophet, you shall reap your reward—my vengeance shall follow you!"

As he spoke, he rose in his saddle, and hurled his javelin, but it glanced harmlessly past the young man—and the infantry charged with such gallantry on his small squadron that they were obliged to retreat.

The incursions were, however, checked in some degree by a skirmish of more importance than had before occurred on their weary march over the sands.

The whole desert seemed covered with Mameluke warriors, superbly mounted, and clad in their rich oriental uniforms, tufts of gay plumes nodding from their turbans, and their weapons flashing back the sunshine.

Fierce was the contest which ensued; on their steeds of fire, the Mamelukes swept the sands, shouting their wild battle-cry, and dealing death on every hand with their keen sabres.

So sudden and so strange were their attacks, that the French sometimes found it difficult to keep their lines with any degree of firmness; but from the hour of this skirmish the Eastern warriors began to dread the foe they had heretofore despised.

After seven days of the toilsome march to which I have alluded, they found themselves within six leagues of Cairo.

In the distance lay the city, with its domes, spires, and minarets—and looming up, solemn and still with their unuttered histories, the far-famed Pyramids.

At this juncture, they learned that Murad Bey, Zoe's Mameluke lover, with a host of warriors, had formed an entrenchment near Cairo, and were ready to give battle to the French.

The result proved that they had not been misinformed; for as they approached towards the city, they perceived the foe in full force, awaiting their approach.

A splendid and powerful line of cavalry, commanded by Murad, displayed the strength of the Mamelukes; and their infantry were gathered in the intrenched camp; but the soldiers were undisciplined, and the cannon and the fortifications were alike unable to hold the French at bay.

Napoleon saw their disadvantages, and formed his lines with his usual generalship, and in his most emphatic manner cried:

"Soldiers, from yonder Pyramids forty centuries behold your action!"

His words were echoed by his men; running from lip to lip like wild-fire, and inspiring them with still greater daring.

The conflict began and raged with terrible fury. The Mamelukes fought frantically, and amidst the thickest of the fight rode Murad Bey, his white plume dancing in the wind, his sabre flashing from side to side, as he encountered the hated foe.

Finally he reined in his horse, and confronted Arnaud; his eyes burning with rage, his whole face flushed with passion.

"At last, at last, we meet again, dog of a Christian!" he exclaimed. "Zoe is once more in my power; perhaps even now watching this battle from the terrace of my palace; but you shall never have the opportunity of rescuing her."

Short and terrific was the hand-to-hand conflict which followed; but the Mameluke had already been injured by the explosion of a shell, and he began to waver.

He fell on the battle-plain, where so many of his warriors had fallen, and his loss sent a general panic through the Moslem ranks, and they commenced a precipitate retreat.

Some endeavoured to gain the Nile, but were cut

off in the attempt; others endeavoured to reach their camp, but met a similar fate. Cheers of victory and cries of:

"Vive la France—vive la Bonaparte!" rose above the moans of the dying, and the shrieks of the wounded, and that night the French banner danced over conquered Cairo.

Hours after, when the troops were quartered in the town, a Nubian slave wearing a gay turban, and the rest of the picturesque, oriental costume, sought the dragoman who had accompanied the grand army.

"What would you with me?" asked the interpreter, as the slave bowed before him.

"Is there still among your troops a soldier named Arnaud?"

The dragoman nodded assent, and the visitor continued:

"I have a message for him—a lady has sent me with this ring to crave a boon at his hand."

"Ah!" exclaimed the interpreter, "methinks it was a keepsake from young Arnaud."

"Yes, yes, so my lady says, and with it the stranger gave a solemn promise to befriend her in the hour of need. The French have stormed the city, and my mistress, who has been a captive of Murad Bey's, fears the worst, should the town be given up to plunder, and she be found in that hated palace."

"I will speak to Claude Arnaud," observed the dragoman, "wait here till I return."

Moving into the room where the younger officers were gathered, he drew Arnaud aside, and displayed the ring in silence.

"That ring," exclaimed Arnaud—"how came it in your possession, good dragoman?"

"It seems Zoe is a prisoner in Murad's palace, and needs the aid you once promised."

"And who brought the ring?"

"A slave belonging to the Bey's household."

"Where is he?"

"Follow me, and you shall see."

In another moment the slave was in the officer's presence; and scarcely stopping to make an in-

quiry, Arnaud took his way through the streets of Cairo.

How changed was the aspect of the city! French troops had pitched their tents on the deserted camping-ground of the foe, French sentinels had mounted guard above the parapets of the citadel, and French gens d'arms stood at the street corners, discussing the battle of the Pyramids; but from that hour days of wearisome marching across the desert sands, skirmishes with the hostile Mamelukes and the terrible siege were forgotten in one delirious thought—Zoe was in Cairo and he could again be of service to her.

At length the slave unbolted a graceful gate leading into a court-yard, dimly lighted by the moonbeams, with orange and pomegranate trees casting their shadows around, and lotus flowers leaning over the superb marble tank, into which the fountain flung its jets, as if to bathe their thirsty lips in the cool waters.

The palace was a splendid specimen of Oriental architecture, with vine-draped balconies, fanciful porticoes, and fantastic domes and minarets and the rose-wreathed lattice of the East.

Passing through a vestibule paved with rare mosaics, and lined with urns and statuary scattered about as only the Orientals can arrange them, he ascended a staircase, and passed through many a saloon, rich in gilding, arabesque, and sculpture, gleaming with silver and gold, misty with lace, and lit up by lamps whose oil emitted Arabian perfumes.

"How superbly Zoe would grace such a home as this!" said Arnaud, mentally. "I wonder she has not been dazzled by the Mameluke's vast wealth; for girls at her age like luxury, and often in lands more enlightened than infidel Egypt barter themselves for gold!"

While he was musing thus, the slave conducted him into an ante-room, where half a dozen Moslem soldiers had been kept as a guard of the beautiful captive, whose marriage rites were to have been solemnised the following day.

The floor looked like a crystal sea when not a ripple breaks its still surface; being of a pure, white marble, and polished like a mirror.

The walls were panelled after the Oriental fashion, and inlaid with the most costly wood from the depths of Asiatic forests; some of the windows were gorgeous with stained glass, and the others furnished with gilded lattices, and all draped with fall on fall of soft lace embroidered with golden stars, and stirring in the faint breeze that crept through the roses outside, like some white summer cloud, when the sunshine glints across it as it floats dreamily through the sky.

The divans and ottomans were of white velvet, embossed with gold, with long, rich fringes, and the foot-cloth was of the same fabric, elaborately em-

broidered, and with four heavy tassels, which swept the floor like golden plumes.

The tables, the vases, the cabinets and mirrors, were equally rich and tasteful, and wherever the eye fell, it turned back dazzled and bewildered by the expenditure which the Mameluke had lavished on his home.

In the adjacent halls Arnaud could see the spray of fountains, the hues of the rarest flowers, the bright-winged birds, like Zoe, prisoners in a gorgeous cage, while the whole air was heavy with and odours of a fragrant wood, slowly burning in a censer, suspended to the ceiling by the glittering chains.

A Moorish lute, a guitar, and a harp were gathered in a recess, from which the voluminous brocade curtains had been looped away, and near them stood a small stand, bearing a salver, a basket and drinking cup, all gold and blazing with jewels.

The banquet was filled with grapes, oranges and dates, and the goblet with wine; but it was evident neither of them had been tasted by the fair captive.

The young man had just made these observations, when a light footfall came pattering across the marble floor, and turning, he again stood face to face with Zoe! At that moment the captive just looked fit for a royal bride, and the French officers gazed fastened on her with an earnestness which sent a vivid crimson to cheek, lip and brow. To me there is something very jaunty and picturesque in the costume of the Eastern women, and nothing could have set off Zoe's beauty to better advantage. Her graceful head was encircled by a turban, with the changeable splendour of the diamond flashing out from its midst at every movement; her tunic of white brocade was girded at the waist by a snowy sash, embroidered with seed pearls, and fell open at the neck, revealing a neat velvet vest of that soft rose colour, which lines the sea-shell, and fastened with diamond clasps; the loose Turkish trousers were of India muslin, worn over pale pink satin, and her dainty feet encased in slippers that Cinderella might have worn, while the veil, which is an indispensable article to the ladies of the East, fell about her like woven gossamer.

"Zoe," exclaimed Claude Arnaud, clasping the little hand that was all ablaze with the Mameluke's jewels, "I do not think I should meet you in Cairo!"

"And I, sir stranger," replied the girl, while the colour came and went on her bright, young face, "I did not believe that I should so soon be obliged to claim the fulfilment of your promise, but such is my fate—I am homeless and friendless."

"Nay, not friendless, dear lady," interrupted the officer; "as long as Claude Arnaud's heart beats, you will hold a place there! During our march over the deserts I have not forgotten you, and I still keep your rose, and prize it next to your own fal, self, lady. When Murad Bey taunted me with having gained possession of you once more, I felt as if I could fly to your rescue; but I did not dream you were in the conquered city, till the Mameluke's slave brought me your message and the ring I gave you. Oh Zoe, this meeting and the privilege of serving you repays me for all I have suffered!"

"Monsieur Arnaud," murmured Zoe, "my heart is full of gratitude and joy, and yet I cannot speak my thanks; it seems as if my lips were dumb, and I feel most keenly."

There was a brief silence, and then Arnaud said: "You must have had a sad experience, for I read it in your eyes, and in fact in your whole face. Sit down and tell me your story."

With these words, he drew her to a heap of cushions, and seating himself beside her, listened intently to her account of her second capture by the Mameluke.

For a time after Arnaud's interposition, Zoe had seen nothing of her dreaded lover; but finally he had lured her from her home by a skillful stratagem, and ere she was aware of her danger, he stood before her in his true character. Lifting her to his saddle, he bore her away on his spirited Arabian, and as there were none to pursue, he reached one of his residences before the sun had set, and when night came on and the setting moon hung low above the Pyramids, transferred her to his home in Cairo.

All the splendours which his fabulous wealth could procure were gathered around her, and every attention that could have belonged to a sultana was paid the girl; a score of slaves were ready to obey her slightest nod, but what was it to her! She was as much a slave as the ebony Nubians who surrounded her, and like a fettered bird she pined for freedom, assuring Arnaud, with a sudden glitter of her bright eye, that she would have been the humblest water-carrier

in the streets, could she thus have gained her liberty. But she soon learned the thought of flight must be futile, for ten tall Mamelukes stood guard in the ante-room, and the same warriors lined gallery, vestibule, court-yard and gardens, and the city below swarmed with the friends of Murad Bey.

"Yesterday morn," said Zoe, "Murad Bey came here to announce that I must prepare for a wedding, and while he was in my presence one of the guards then opened the door and exclaimed:

"The French are within a league of the city, twenty thousand strong!"

(To be Continued.)

FACTIA.

STRANGE RESULT OF THE HOT WEATHER.

AMONG other effects of the recent great rise in the temperature, it may be noticed that a number of persons who are at other times most exclusive in their habits, now seem to affect all kinds of "shady" places.

FROM THE BLACK COUNTRY.

The gentlemen who do us the honour to dig up our coal have been quiet lately upon the question of wages, but the late difficulties have left traces of suspicion in the minds of the mine-owners. Even now we hear that no miner is allowed to work in a coal-mine unless he first of all "takes his Davy."

—JUDY.

QUERY for West-end Dressmakers.—Is the Royal Mail necessarily a "Court train?"

—JUDY.

WHAT we may all expect to meet with during the hot weather.—Warm friends.

—FUN.

SEASONABLE Password.—Pass the Bottle.

—FUN.

THE Modern March of Intellect.—Calling a water cart a patent hydrostatic van.

—FUN.

THE LADY'S PRESENTIMENT.

A Lady at her mirror sat,
Her hand upon her brow—
Sat gazing on her comely face,
Ay, comely even now.
But why that sudden startled look,
Half doubt and half despair?
Alas! as she admired herself,
She saw—her first grey hair!

The Lady at her mirror sat,
All silently and sad,
And look'd upon that tell-tale hair
Till she was almost mad.
Then blessed tears came to her eyes,
And trickled down her cheek:
But not a word fell from her tongue:
She had no power to speak.

Regarding thus her plaits and bands,
What thoughts did they recall!
How oft her maid had "done them up"
For party or for ball!
How oft on them her husband's hand
He tenderly would lay,
And she'd reply, in dulcet tones,
"Oh, Alfred, go away!"

Once more she felt her mother's touch
Upon her flowing locks,
In that sweet childish Long-Ago
When still she wore short frocks,
Her brothers, too, that hair had pull'd,
And made her scream with pain;
Oh, how she, in her artless way,
Would hit them back again!

And now, there was her first grey hair!
Ah, think it not a crime
That she should weep as she beheld
That footprint of Old Time!
She fear'd that all her hair would turn
That colour by and by,
And in her grief the Lady cried,
"Oh, Alfred, I shall dye!"

(And dye she did, surely enough, the very next day. The most fashionable tint of course was the one selected.)

—JUDY.

"STRANGE BEGGARS."

SARAH (who has been cautioned about letting stragglers in, appears with some visitors' cards): "Please, mum, there's three or 'em, and they won't go away; they give me these 'ere. Shall I say there's nothin' for them?"

—FUN.

PADDOCHIAL PLEASANTRY.

MR. QUELLPOOR (who is returning thanks for his health and the manner he has kept down "outdoor relief"): "Gentlemen,—having nearly worn out one set of teeth in serving the parish at these little business gatherings, I have thought seriously of sending in a claim to the overseers for a new set!" —FUX

A BIT OF OUR MIND—No bearing reins!

THE Fat of the Land (from an Alderman's Point of View)—Green turtle.

THE Result of the Eton and Harrow Cricket Match—A great crowd.

THE Use of the Cat—Vide Judy's trade mark.

SMALL BORES—Babies at Wimbledon.

A LAST HOME for Lost Dogs—Barking Creek.

—JUDY.

A DISTINCTION.

AGRICULTURIST.—"There was a feller here last week makin' that pictur."

ART STUDENT.—"Ah, indeed. Was he an artist?"

A.—"No, sir-ree. He was a perfect gentleman!" (Artist feels crushed.)

IMPERIENCE.

BOATMAN. "Going to have a sail this morning, sir?"

AUCTIONEER (out for a holiday). "Sale! confound you, fellow; don't be personal!" —JUDY

HISTORY OF MR. SMITH.

"Ma! does pa kiss the cat?"

"Why, no! my son, what in the name of goodness put that in your head?"

"Cos, when pa come down stairs he kissed Sarah in the hall, and said: 'That's better than kissing that old cat up-stairs, ain't it, Sarah?'"

AT HER FEET.—It was Lord Houghton who, when a lady more beautiful in her eyes than those of the world, was boasting that she had had hundreds of men at her feet, asked, in an undertone: "Chiro-podists?"

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.—A German says that "the religion of the future" will be "the synthesis of oriental, occidental, monotheistic, pantheistic development, realising the unity and immanence of the divine, and the plurality of its modes of manifestation." It would be a religion of the absolute. "Its metaphysics will assert the doctrine of a spiritual modism." It will lead to "immersion in the great sea of Being." Eh, mon, but that's gran!

AT THE SEASIDE.

(Thermometer 85° in the shade on the pier.) SEASIDIST (already very much sunburnt): "Why am I like an English poet?"

CHARLES (his friend): "Too hot for guessing. Give 't up."

SEASIDIST (slowly): "Because I'm Browning."

CHARLES (his friend—up till that moment): "Oh!" Retires under an umbrella and dozes.

STATISTICS.

INCOME-TAX PAPERS IN PRUSSIA.—From a return published by the Prussian Government it appears that in the past year 24,543,082 persons paid either income-tax or class-tax (income-tax on the lower classes of property). Of this number 8,207,411 are resident in towns, 16,335,671 in the country. Only 550,775 persons, that is 2.24 per cent. of the population, pay income-tax proper; 6,591,559 persons, or 28.86 per cent. of the population pay neither income-tax nor class-tax; the remainder 17,400,748, that is 70.90 per cent. of the population, are liable to class tax in its various grades. The total yield of the two taxes was 74,675,088 marks or shillings, namely—income-tax 30,161,826 marks, and class-tax 44,495,262 marks.

LONDON TAXES.—In the year 1875 the London 9d. Coal Duty, with £11,639 Wine Duty, produced a net sum of £239,912, which was paid into the Bank of England to the credit of the Thames Embankment and Metropolis Improvement Fund. The City's 4d. duty on coals produced above £100,000, which was applied in payment of principal and interest of Holborn Valley Improvement loans and other debts. The City Grain duty produced £19,174, which was applied partly in salaries, pensions, and compensations to City meters, and £2,688 was paid for expenses of works at West Ham Park. The year's cost of the City Police Force was £57,429, chiefly raised by rate. The Sewers Consolidated Rate account for the year ending at Michaelmas last shows £139,996 received from rates, £50,000 raised on loan, £9,072 fees for interments at the

City cemetery, and various fees and fines; and among the year's disbursements of the Commissioners of Sewers are £25,887 for proportion of expenses of the London School Board, and £5,241 for sanitary expenses. The Metropolitan Board of Works' Sewers rate account shows that the Chamberlain of London, as treasurer, received in the year £65,356 from rates, and paid £17,778 towards expenses of the Board of Works for main drainage purposes, and £35,395 for the Fire Brigade and general improvements. The ward rates, for charges for ward clerks, beadles, wardmotes, etc., amounted to £4,475 in 1875.

THE OLD MISER'S LEGACY.

An old man on his dying bed—

Somewhere the story I have read—
Called his two sons and to them said:

"My curse has been the thirst of gold;
For this my conscience I have sold,
And all my greed may not be told.

"I fixed a limit to my store;
And as I reached it, o'er and o'er
I fixed it higher than before.

"I flung much happiness aside
The while my riches multiplied,
And still was never satisfied.

"So gaining for the lust of gain,
Behold me here by Death o'erta'en,
My life and labour all in vain."

Then spake the elder son, "Not so!
You may not take this wealth, we know,
Beyond the life from which you go.

"But you these riches may devise
To us, your children, now made wise
In time by all your sacrifice."

"Nay!" quoth the younger, "to our share
To add by toil why should we care?
We have enough, sir, and to spare!"

"To doubt where I would fain believe,"
The father sadly said, "I grieve.
But thus, dear sons, my gold I leave:

"An ample portion I bestow
On each, that want ye may not know;
The rest I leave with time to grow.

"And not till twenty years have fled
Within this packet shall be read
To whom—" he sighed; fell back; was dead!

The brothers took their shares and sought
To follow, each one as he thought,
The lesson by the father taught.

Strong to avoid the fatal thirst
For gain, to be with riches cursed,
The elder largely sput at first.

But when the prodigal mood was past,
And half his portion gone, he cast
The spendthrift off, and saved at last.

And schemed and stinted till he grew
To be the richer of the two,
And still no rest from gain he knew.

The younger neither madly spent
Nor meanly saved; but lived content,
And helped his neighbour as he went.

He added nothing to his store,
Yet was he richer than before,
In blessings, when the years were o'er.

And so, when twenty years had sped,
The father's last bequest was read;
"I leave this wealth to him," it said,

"Who, having lusted not for gain,
Nor added to his store in vain,
Is still the richer of the twain!"

D. G. A.

GEMS.

No one ought to enjoy what is too good for him; he ought to make himself worthy of it, and rise to its level.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more fortunate who can quit his temper by any circumstances.

We may do a very good action and not be a good man; we cannot do a very ill one and not be an ill man.

It requires more magnanimity to give up what is

wrong than to maintain what is right; for our pride is wounded by the one effort, and flattered by the other.

It is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power, but reconciliation of his will; and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, than in a power which cannot. The power is not so apt to tempt the will, as the will is studious to find out the means.

It is a dangerous thing to treat with a temptation, which ought at first to be rejected with disdain and abhorrence.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.

Some people sink all enjoyment of present comfort in the foreboding apprehension of future evils, which may never happen.

Our brightest moments are those which frequently arise to us from the bosom of care and anxiety; the gems that sparkle upon the dark ground.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

PUFF CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, three cups flour, one cup butter, three eggs, one cup milk, and two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; dissolve soda in part of the milk.

MARBLE CAKE.—White part: Whites of six eggs two cups of white powdered sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in the milk, and and two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. Dark part: Yolks of six eggs, three-fourths cupful of brown sugar, three-fourths cupful of molasses, three-fourths cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of flour; one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a table-spoonful of cold water; one tablespoonful of cinnamon; one tablespoonful of allspice, a little nutmeg; put a white layer in the pan first, then a dark layer; there must be a white layer on the bottom and on the top; this makes a large cake, and requires about one hour and a half in a moderate oven.

ICE-CREAM.—One quart of cream, half a pint fresh milk, half a pound sugar, two teaspoonfuls vanilla.

PUFF PUDDING.—One quart of milk, seven eggs, eight tablespoonfuls of flour, little salt; use butter and sugar sauce.

CUSTARD.—One quart of milk, four eggs; sweeten to taste; little salt.

POP-OVERS.—Two eggs, one pint of sweet milk, one and one-half pints of flour, little salt; bake in cups in a hot oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE death is announced of Dr. Charles Eneberg, Professor of Arabic at the University of Helsingfors. Eneberg had commenced the study of the uniform inscriptions of Western Asia, and had left England with Mr. George Smith for the purpose of watching the excavations conducted by Mr. Smith for the trustees of the British Museum. Dr. Eneberg died at Mosul last month; the cause of his death is unknown. He had published an article on the inscriptions of Tiglath Pileser II. in the "Journal Asiatique," and also a work on the Arabic pronouns, in 1874.

MR. J. J. LOWENTHAL, a well-known chess-player and writer on the game, died on the 21st inst., at St. Leonard's-on-Sea. He was a Hungarian by birth, having been born at Pesth in 1810, but has been a naturalised British subject for the last twenty years. He came to England in 1851, and from that date he took part in all the public chess contests up to 1869. He was for several years president of the St. James's Chess Club, secretary to the St. George's, and manager of the British Chess Association, of which the late Lord Lyttelton was president.

ADVICE TO BATHERS.—The Royal Humane Society has issued the following excellent instructions for the guidance of bathers:—"It is politic to avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted by fatigue, or from any other cause, or when the body is cooling after perspiration; and avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet; but bathe the body when it is warm, providing no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water, or remaining too long in the water.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MIRIE, nineteen, medium height, fair complexion and blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty-two with a view to matrimony.

S. W.—Mr. Hermann Voss has now taken the place of Mr. John Clayton in the "Corsican Brothers" at the Princess's.

F. H.—In answer to some of our numerous readers the "Red Rose" belongs to the House of Lancaster.

JOHN LYNN—You may obtain the work at most of the old booksellers in Holywell Street, Strand.

A SEVEN YEARS SUBSCRIBER—A beautiful complexion is produced by the use of Milk of Cucumbers. This preparation removes all eruptions, sunburns, freckles; renders the skin soft, and by its constant use preserves a youthful appearance.

ANXIOUS—Our opinion is, that you will do well to wait for more wisdom before expressing yourself with so much decision. So far as the workmen have been heard from, they do not agree with you. The Decalogue is a part of the common law of most civilised nations, and America has done very well under its operation. There is already too much pressure on workmen as to Sunday labour—to which your views tend.

A VOCALIST—One of Cooper's effervescent lozenges, or, as the patentee calls them, "thirst quenchers," is one of the best of the few harmless luxuries to be indulged in in this tropical weather. One placed in the mouth dissolves with effervescence, relieves the most intense thirst, at the same time obviating the frequent desire for taking fluids.

C. T. S.—We cannot too highly commend the generous and energetic spirit which animates the letter of this young man, anxious to labour for the welfare of other members of his family. We do not know of any society which sends emigrants to Texas; but we think an advertisement in a morning paper would open an opportunity for so deserving a young man.

M. Y.—We hesitate to print your letter and kindle the baleful fires of envy in thousands of young men less favoured than you. The only advice we can offer you is, that you let events take their own course a year, and we predict that by that time the ladies will have relieved you of the difficulty.

INDEX—First, study orthography; and after that other branches. This you will find both pleasant and profitable.

QUEST—She has no right to act in this way, and you will be justified in bringing things to a point and counting the engagement at an end, unless she can give you a satisfactory explanation. Possibly she wishes a choice of lovers.

CONFIDENCE—Your case furnishes an example of the evil consequences which flow from the failure of a child to open its mind fully to its parents. Had you told your mother, years ago, of your desire to go on the stage, the probability is that the frank and affectionate interchange of views on the subject between yourself and your parents would have cured you of your folly. But brooding over it in secret has strengthened it hold upon you. You should tell your parents of it immediately and listen to their counsel. It is too late for you to hope for success in the career which you wish to undertake. You would have to undergo years of study, and drudgery, and neglect, and poor pay, and perhaps would never be able to command a respectable salary, and finally die in a poor-house or a hospital, and be buried at the public expense.

A. C.—Your statement is a little blind in one particular. You say your first beau has been blessed with the love of another, and then add, but he is now as when you last met. Whether you mean that he is a widower, or merely that while another loves him he loves you, we do not know. At all events, do not marry a man you do not love. As to leaving your future to Providence, you cannot help doing that.

T. B.—You will find Condry's Ozonised Sea Salt combines the properties of a sea water and a pure air bath, invigorates the body, strengthens and tranquillises the nervous system and has a most beneficial effect.

HARRIET M.—Young ladies should guard themselves against undue familiarity, however innocent. Purity, that blushing one reasonably, like the summer rose, is the guardian angel of maiden life.

MAGIE, medium height, brown hair and blue eyes wishes to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-

four, fair complexion, rather good looking, a teetotaler; in a position to keep a wife comfortably; will make a good wife as she is thoroughly domesticated.

JENNY, twenty-one, considered very good looking, fair and of medium height, thoroughly domesticated wishes to correspond with a dark young man about twenty-three with a view to matrimony.

FANNY, nineteen, considered very good looking, medium height, dark and of a loving disposition wishes to correspond with a dark young man about twenty-two with a view to matrimony. He must be fond of home.

ROSS, medium height, dark, fond of home, thoroughly domesticated would like to correspond with a dark young man of medium height, about twenty-five and fond of home and children.

HARRIET PATTERSON would like to correspond with a gentleman about thirty with a medium income. Looks not objected to. She is tall and dark, well accomplished and would make any man a careful wife. Has a little money.

E. J., a drummer in the Royal Marines, nineteen, medium height, dark complexion and fond of home would like to correspond with a young lady about eighteen.

POLLY, a young lady of nineteen, of prepossessing appearance and an immense fortune would like to correspond with a tall and dark complexioned gentleman.

MARIA, tall, prepossessing appearance, highly accomplished and a heiress, of a loving disposition would like to correspond with a dark, tall and aristocratic looking gentleman of good means and fond of home.

FLYING ROYAL, a seaman in the Royal Navy, wishes to correspond with a nice looking blonde about nineteen with a view to matrimony; he is considered good looking by his messmates.

J. R., in business wishes to correspond with an amiable young person about twenty-five or six, lone like himself and content with home and its comforts.

TOR SAIL, a respectable seaman in the Royal Navy, medium height, twenty-one and considered very good looking by his messmates would like to correspond with a respectable young lady with a view to matrimony; respondent must be about nineteen, tall and good looking.

CLARA, twenty, fair complexioned and considered pretty would like to correspond with a dark young man about twenty-four; very domesticated and fond of home and children.

HARRIET, seventeen, fair complexion and domesticated wishes to correspond with a gentlemanly young man; respondent must be about twenty and fond of home and music.

ALICE, eighteen and considered handsome would like to correspond with a dark young man. Tradesman preferred. Money no object.

W. S. C., twenty-four, fair and considered handsome and holds a first-class position in the West End, would like to correspond with an amiable young lady with a view to matrimony; respondent must be pretty and fond of dancing and music.

LOVE IS LIGHTEST.

Say not brightest,
Love is lightest,
Oh! he must be heavier far
Than that trifling,
Sweet flower riding,
Fluttering, gay-wing'd wanderer.
Yet surprising,
Love, uprising,
Lightest thus himself confesses!
Ah! I see,
He to climbbe
Among those beautiful flowing tresses!
Or as the fly,
When wand'ring by,
From every nectar blossom sips,
So would the cheat,
The verbal sweet,
Quaff from thy lovely rose-hued lips.
Or he desires,
To increase the fire,
That blaze within those blue-bright eyes;
And thence he darts
Strike through our hearts,
To make us live—or die with sighs. R. F.

LOUISE and **ROSS**, two friends, wish to correspond with two very respectable young men; tradesmen preferred. Louise is twenty-two, rather tall, dark hair and eyes, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated. Ross is twenty-two, medium height, fair hair, gray eyes, amiable disposition, thoroughly domesticated. Both are considered good looking.

DITTY BOX and **DITTY BAG**, two seamen in the Royal Navy, holding good positions, wish to correspond with two young ladies between nineteen and twenty-one. Ditty Box is twenty-five, medium height, dark complexion, hazel eyes, brown curly hair. Ditty Bag is twenty-one, fair complexion, medium height, black curly hair, blue eyes, considered good looking.

LOVING JENNY and **LOVELY SALLY**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. Loving Jennie, nineteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, fine figure, domesticated, considered very pretty. Lovely Sally is twenty, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, loving, domesticated, very pretty and interesting looking. Both will have an income when of age.

NORTHERN LIGHT, a seaman in the Royal Navy, fair, blue eyes, light whiskers and moustache, medium height, would like to correspond with a dark young lady with a view to matrimony.

W., medium height, fair, domesticated, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony.

JOHN, twenty-five, medium height, fair complexion, loving disposition, considered good looking, in business, would like to correspond with an amiable young

lady about twenty-six, who is of a loving disposition and fond of home.

B., a Greek, thirty-five, tall, good looking, in a good business, would like to correspond with a lady with a little money at her command, as the business requires both the wife and money, with a view to early matrimony.

ROS ROX, a widower, thirty-one, medium height, considered good looking, in business for himself in the wine trade, would like to correspond with a young widow in business in the same line, who must be good looking and of a loving disposition.

FRONT, twenty, dark, of a loving disposition, fond of home, would like to correspond with a fair young man, who must be rather tall and fond of home; a sailor preferred.

FRANK, a steward in the Royal Navy, twenty, medium height, fair, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a young lady between eighteen and twenty with a view to matrimony; respondent must be fair and very good looking.

LOVELY CHARLIE, twenty, rather short, fair complexion, good looking, of a very loving disposition, a clerk, wishes to correspond with a young lady; respondent must be under thirty, domesticated, and have some money.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

POLLY is responded to by—Marous, who wishes to exchange carte-de-visite.

JOS by—Charlotte, twenty, tall, auburn hair, hazel eyes, considered good looking, who thinks she is all he requires.

FANNY by—Kate, dark, hazel eyes, brown hair, medium height, rather stout, very loving and fond of home, and thinks she is all he requires.

POLLY by—W. C., who thinks he is all she requires.

HARRY E. by—Charlotte E.

JOS by—Charming Mary, who thinks she is all he requires.

ELLA by—Fred P., twenty, fair complexion, medium height, considered good looking, and will have a good income when he comes of age.

HAPPY JACK by—Sophia, twenty, light hair, blue eyes, considered very handsome, and thinks she is all he requires.

JOS by—Pauline, nineteen, medium height thoroughly respectable.

AGLA by—E. H., in a good position, but having neither relations nor friends wishes to meet with a wife who would be able to manage his domestic affairs and return the affection which he feels sure he would be able to offer her. He is twenty-three, tall, fair, considered good looking, and is likely to come in for some small property.

HARRY C. by—E. R., a lady by birth and position highly educated, of pleasing and attractive appearance, fair, very amiable, and has a small income of 40l. per annum.

HAPPY JACK by—Hannah B., twenty, light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, of a loving disposition, and fond of home.

ONLY DAUGHTER by—Ready About.

JOS by—Kate Eliza, twenty, fair, rather short, stout, very fond of home, agreeable, and thinks she is all he requires.

KETTLE DRUMMER by—Loving Harriet, dark complexion, medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes, considered good looking, and thinks she is all he requires.

SARAH by—Lancor, thirty-five, has seen fourteen years' service in India, has a moderate annuity, a farmer by trade.

LITTLE DAVE by—Charles D'A., a young man of rather prepossessing appearance, twenty-four, rather tall, sober, of a strong religious turn of mind, neither smokes nor drinks.

CLARINE by—H. A., thirty, a steady tradesman with good prospects.

JAMES L. H. by—True Heart, a respectable working girl, tall, rather dark, thoroughly domesticated, fond of home, well educated.

CHARLES JIM by—Nellie, nineteen, fair, and thinks she is all he requires.

CLARINE by—George Henry B., twenty-four, medium height, a gentleman of independent income, a strict Protestant.

MIRA by—George Henry B., twenty-four, medium height, considered good looking, fond of home comforts.

W.—We think, under the circumstances, you describe yourself properly as "madly" in love; and you had better get sensibly out of it.

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